

AUGUST 4 — 10, 1979

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Eve's Weekly

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THE CHILD
AS CONSUMER:
The most
vulnerable
target group

MYTHS AND
SUPERSTITIONS
ABOUT BABIES

Burlingtons'

HOME SHOPPING CATALOGUE

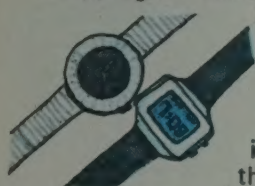


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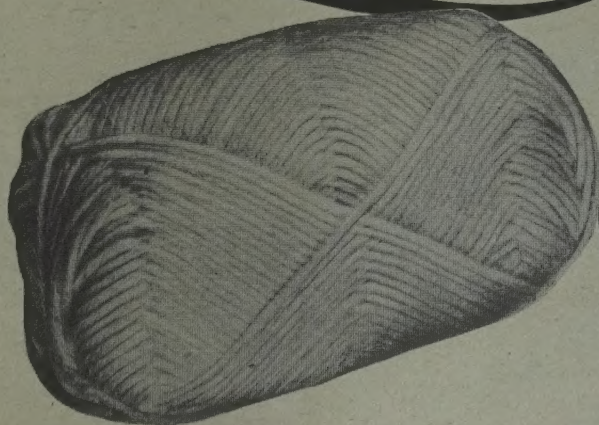
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JAYANTI DIN

Born June 18, 1958 in Raichur. Educated at St. Mary's High School, Pune. Did B.A. in Sociology, Economics and English from Bangalore University. Completed a course in Hotel Management from Sophia College, Bombay. Working with an export firm as a fashion designer—supervises the making of garments and also does window decor. Interested in sports, billiards, swimming and music. Doing her 7th Grade in Piano from the Trinity College of Music.

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THIS WEEK

AUGUST 4 — 10, 1979

OLD WIVES' TALES

In a country rife with superstition, it is not surprising that many customs and traditions are based on superstitious beliefs. When these are related to babies, vulnerable as they are, they could very well lead to harm. A look at some of the myths.
Page 11.



MINI LABOUR

Pushed into the labour force way before their time, their futures are bleak, to say the least. But, according to a recent survey on child labour, abolitionist laws are not the answer for India.
Page 24.

CHILDREN ARE CONSUMERS TOO!

And they are among the most vulnerable of target groups. How responsible are manufacturers and advertisers of children's products? How discerning and careful are parents when they buy for children? A Consumer Awareness feature.
Page 36.

ABORTION IN PRACTICE

The Medical Termination of Pregnancy Act, 1971, is among the most liberal abortion laws in the world. How far has the legalization of abortion affected its incidence? The results of a survey conducted in Bangalore.
Page 44.

ALSO

Colourful Creativity : Doll-making — Page 19 Women in Focus : Khorshed Alami and Nirmala Sharma — Page 21 Film Interview : Kanwaljeet — Page 23 "My Darling Clementina" : Concluding part of the Mills & Boon serialization — Page 28 Step by Step Cookery : Tasty Cocktail Snacks — Page 34 True Story : Discarded at Seventy — Page 35.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/7, Readers' Voice/9, Short Story/14, Comics/22, Fashion/26, Cookery/31, True Confession/41, Frankly Speaking/47, People & Events/48, Horoscope/50.

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

FREEDOM. . .

The Freedom of Religion Bill, introduced in Parliament, has generated a great deal of heat and controversy. Much has been said on both sides and yet this is precisely what I feel is the most heartening feature of the matter. Religion has been handled with too much care for too long in this country. We prefer to skirt or side-step issues for the sake of an uneasy peace. It is time we brought it out into the open and discussed it in a dispassionate and sensible manner. No religion, however highly esteemed, is complete, and therefore a satisfying one, in all respects for the simple reason that the spiritual world, like everything else, is a continually evolving one. However, while we are willing to admit that all things — science, political ideas, modes of living — change with the changing times, we draw a line where religion is concerned and cling to out-worn and out-moded ideas. For example, Hinduism is still not rid of untouchability, Catholics resist birth-control and Muslims retain the purdah. It is time we realized that no religion can be considered unquestionable revelation; rather, religion should be treated as a means to edification and self-realisation leading more and more to an all-embracing unity.

LEELA RAMASWAMY,
Bangalore.

Tolerance would seem the keynote, but where is the tolerance? We only mouth lofty words in the name of religion, but it's only to preach, not to practise. . .

2nd PRIZE

. . .MY BIRTHRIGHT?

A private member's bill called The 'Freedom' of Religion Bill 1978, now on the anvil in Parliament, deserves attention and comment. The Bill

seeks to prevent 'forced' conversions, making the same a cognizable offence.

Critics of the Bill who include non-Christians, those not affected, editors, authors, political commentators, politicians, social workers, democrats, men of goodwill and the common man, are of the opinion that not only is the Bill unwarranted and unnecessary (since the Indian Penal Code already deals with such aberrations) but if passed, it will do more harm than good.

Be that as it may, no true Indian can deny that the Bill diminishes every Indian whose freedom is guaranteed in the Constitution. While no right-thinking person will condone illegal conversions, the material benefits reaped by converts who have been freed from an exploitative system and released from the cocoon of casteism, should not be lost sight of. Women especially, have got a better deal which the Bill seeks to repeal by classifying them with minors unable to decide what's good for them.

The nation is passing through grave crises worsened by inept government. So long as non-issues like prohibition, cow-slaughter, religion bill, etc., engage our attention, dissipate our energies and divide the nation, progress, prosperity and national integration will remain an impossible dream.

BERNIE TELLIS, Bombay

Indeed, a great pity. But what can we expect other than non-issues from what is fast becoming a nation of non-persons, non-politicians, and non-leaders?

3rd PRIZE

JHAT FOOLING, PAT VIVAH?

Indians are famous (notorious?) for their blind faith in astrologers/godmen who, in turn, fool the gullible masses for their petty ends. The irony is that even the most educated of us fall an easy prey to them. The latest example is the prediction of astrologers,

declaring the period from August 1979 to September 1980, as 'inauspicious for marriages'. This has already started a "marriage rush" all over India. This fad has even struck the educated among us who are in a mad rush to take seven circles around the sacred fire. One simply wonders whether all their education has gone down the drain. The fact is that the pundits have fooled our educated fools. The pundits, who are literally available in the black market, are making a fast buck with their tricks. The jewellers are also over-charging the people. Gold has already touched an all-time high price. People should remember that marriages are made in heaven and the world would not turn upside down because of 'inauspicious' dates. Why don't they think along saner lines and save themselves a lot of trouble.

VINOD BEHL, Chandigarh

Yes, anything to make 'a fast buck' — and more so when such a lot of gullible people are involved. The trouble is they wouldn't listen if they were told producing babies between August '79 and September '80 would be inauspicious!

PENS vs POINTS

I wonder, if you, through your magazine, could help the school authorities understand how much easier and cheaper it is to use 'ball points' rather than fountain pens. Believe it or not every two months I have to buy a fountain pen; either it's lost or the nib broken — moreover when filling the pens, ink is spilt all over the place and often the children come home with ink on their clothes. When questioned they say: "the pen is leaking" or the "boy sitting behind me was shaking his pen and so the ink fell on me."

I have noticed (this is also confirmed by some of my colleagues) that private tuition teachers allow the children to use 'ball points' which enable the children to write faster and clearer without smudging the paper. And, if the 'ball

point' is lost, it is cheaper to replace.

Banks accept cheques signed with a ball point so I do not understand why the schools should object to their use.

MRS. T. FERNANDES, Bombay

We are all for ball points. Of course, there is a theory that using the ball point affects adversely the child's handwriting. We don't agree. We see a whole lot of atrocious handwriting around that emanates from people brought up on the ink-and-nib.

COPY CATS

Believe it or not, 'Nakal Karao' (allow copying) was a Student promise on which a Student Election was won recently. Copying in the examinations has become the norm rather than the exception.

According to a newspaper report, in a certain college during examination time, hundreds of students, huddled in a room meant for fifty examinees, snatched question papers and answer books from the invigilator. Then, some preferred to sit in the classroom, others on roof-tops, in the parks or even their homes to complete their paper with the help of books, notes or private guides!

Violence, knifing, shootouts are almost a daily occurrence in some colleges. The officials, right from the Vice-chancellor to the chaprasi are mortally afraid of the 'student dadas', who are used by politicians for their selfish ends. Something should be done by the authorities concerned to stop the rot in the present set-up of education, to preserve the sanctity of learning in schools and colleges.

TARA RAMAIAH,
Bhopal

"Sanctity of learning" — such high-sounding words! Dear lady, there ain't no such thing, not anymore, that is. And why blame just the 'learners'; what about the teachers — the ones at school or college and the ones at home — are they not responsible?



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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

SAINT MEERA

A propos the Frankly Speaking column titled 'Hing for the Emperor' (June 9), I fully agree with Devi's view that Gulzar's "Meera" is neither a princess nor a poet saint; she is a mediocre commoner like Akbar's moong dal with hing tadka. The selection of 'Dreamgirl' Hema Malini for the title role has made Gulzar look foolish instead of making him a quality film maker. Hema Malini's way of looking at Gopal with a smiling face is no different from her looking at Dharmendra. In spite of all her efforts in a very few moments in the film to be Saint Meera, she has failed miserably in the larger context to create any impact among serious cinegoers, who have come out from the theatre unimpressed.

INDRANI GUPTA, New Delhi.

TRAVAILS OF TRAVELLING

Alpana Chowdhury's article in your Consumer Awareness series, entitled "Travails of Travelling by Train" (June 16) was very interesting and enlightening. Inefficiency and corruption are the salient features of our railways. Thus the various improvements made from time to time are rendered useless. To a certain extent, the public are to be blamed as well, for many encourage malpractices. If they are a little bit strict with the persons dealing in underhand activities, after a time they will disappear. Travellers should also be brave and lodge complaints immediately when they are wronged. By accepting everything, the problems only increase tenfold. Hence it is mostly in our hands to reform the railways.

ANANDI BALAKRISHNAN,
Sriharikota.

HOME-MADE YEAST

I was amused to read in the introduction to the cookery feature, "Your Daily Bread" (June 16) that Malati Karwarkar and Jyoti Padmakar have developed an easy method of making yeast at home. I belong to the Pathare Prabhu community of Bombay. All the housewives of our community have been baking bread at home, using home-made yeast, for more than a hundred years. As a matter of fact, one lady from our community, the late Mrs. Laxmibai Kunjavihari Dhurandhar, has written a cookery book in Marathi entitled "Grihinimitra", the first edition of which was published in the year 1910. The recipe for home-made yeast is given under section 76. So the recipe for home-made yeast is a traditional method used even today in every Pathare Prabhu household.

VIDYA TRILOKEKAR, Bombay.

RUNAWAY GIRLS

With reference to the article, "Havan: Hostel For Runaway Girls in Britain" (June 23), I believe the fault really lies with the parents. Having transplanted themselves in a foreign land, it is but natural that their social mores and customs will suffer the super-imposition of an alien culture. It is not the fault of the children if they do not live by the old values cherished by their parents; their revolt is just a search for a new identity, since they have lost their old one. The whole thing boils down to selling oneself in the marriage market or running away to a new life. I am all for the latter.

RUBY ADHIKARI, Karnal.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF AUGUST 11

CHILD ABUSE

Crimes against children are surely the most inexcusable. Yet, few of them are recognized under criminal law. Many of them occur within the family and are protected by the concept of parental rights. A study of the variety and seriousness of child abuse.

SEXISM IN EDUCATION

It is not only text-books, but often school teachers themselves who propagate stereotyped ideas about male and female roles.

WOMEN MINISTERS OF STATE

Renuka Devi Barkataki and Abha Maiti talk about the extent to which their plans and promises have materialized.

UNDERSTANDING MECHANICS

The second part of the "know your car" programme.

ALSO

The second coupon for the Eve's Weekly/Childcare lucky draw offer of fabulous gifts for your children.

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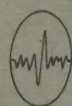
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SUPERSTITIONS CAN HARM YOUR CHILD

India is full of superstitions, and superstitions regarding children are endless. Every year hundreds of children come to untold harm due to the superstitious beliefs of the adults whose care they are in.

It is not only the uneducated who believe in these superstitions, but educated people as well.

While most superstitions have no scientific basis and have even lost their original meaning, some, passed from generation to generation by word of mouth, do have a sensible reason behind them, if not any scientific backing.

In the International Year of the Child we decided to find out how many of these beliefs regarding babies are true. So we collected the beliefs of several young mothers and interviewed a paediatrician about their validity.

Dr. Viswanath J., M.D. (Paediatrics), D.C.H., Honorary Assistant Paediatrician in the Children's Hospital, Madras, and Paediatrician to the Indian Council for Child Welfare, and the Indian Airlines Corporation, well-known through his Madras television programmes on child welfare, answered our questions.

"Doctor, all these superstitious beliefs regarding children are worrying us. Can you tell us how valid they are?"

"Oh, yes, I come across them every day of my life," said Dr. Viswanath. "Parents often bring their children only after they have tried out grandmother's remedies, quacks and holy men. Some of these beliefs are so dangerous, they have killed some babies.

"And before we go to the baby, we must start with the mother herself. For instance, during the early months of pregnancy, i.e. the first trimester, the mother has a craving for certain unusual foods. More often than not she likes to eat sour foods. There is a mistaken feeling among the elders of the family that unless they give in to the mother, the child born will be

Chitra Chockalingam

MANY OF GRANDMA'S CHERISHED REMEDIES FOR CHILDREN'S AILMENTS ARE NOTHING MORE THAN SUPERSTITIONS THAT DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD

deformed or be born with a ear disease, like pus in the ears.

"So, the mother eats mainly the food that appeals to her, thus depriving herself of many essential vitamins.

"Then, there is the time of the solar and lunar eclipses. The poor mother-to-be is often entirely shut up in a room where even the windows have been shut tightly so that no ray of the sun or the moon reaches her. This practice seems to have some scientific basis in that the cosmic



rays may be powerful enough to injure the growing cells of the foetus, but this needs further research.

"During the later months of pregnancy, the pregnant woman is sent to her parental home. Now, this is a very sensible idea, for this ensures the welfare of the child because sexual relations between parents is to be avoided at this stage, and this also prevents the mother from going out to crowded places like movie theatres and markets, thus avoiding the chance of picking up any infection."

"Doctor, the pregnant woman is also not allowed to go out much

during the early months of pregnancy."

"Yes. This is again because of the risk of infection. While visiting crowded places, the mother has every chance of picking up an infection like German measles. German measles can cause the child to be born with a syndrome called Rubella Syndrome, causing mental or physical deformity.

"Doctor, many mothers have asked us about giving castor oil to babies."

"There is a common belief that by giving castor oil to the baby, the child will purge out all impurities and so castor oil is given once in three days. This is an absolutely wrong notion. Castor oil is very harmful and it can aspirate into the lungs causing Lipoid pneumonia caused by oil, which is very difficult to cure unless given immediate attention.

"Giving castor oil also causes so much diarrhoea that the baby loses valuable protein, and much discomfort is caused to the baby. The third reason against giving castor oil is that the baby tends to get addicted to castor oil, making natural passing of mot-



ion without the aid of castor oil difficult."

"But do all laxatives have the same effect?"

"Yes. It is better to avoid laxatives. Slight constipation is nothing to worry about, nor frequent motions in the early days."

"Then what about the traditional oil bath? In most parts of South India this is a must and yet, my friend's doctor advised against it."

"The doctor is right. Oil invites dirt and fungus infection. More often than not several things have been added to the



oil like garlic or turmeric, and these again lead to fungus infection. When an oil bath is given, usually it is poured into the ears, nose, etc. This is especially common among the uneducated where a special woman is called to conduct the oil bath rituals. She comes in every week for this and after the said bath, blows severely into the baby's mouth, ears and nose, causing bacteria from her own mouth to get into the baby's mouth. These babies then develop some infection. The baby does quite well without these rituals. We should never blow into babies' ears, nose and throat."

"Doctor, I remember the last time I visited your clinic, a mother brought her small infant almost covered in neem leaves."

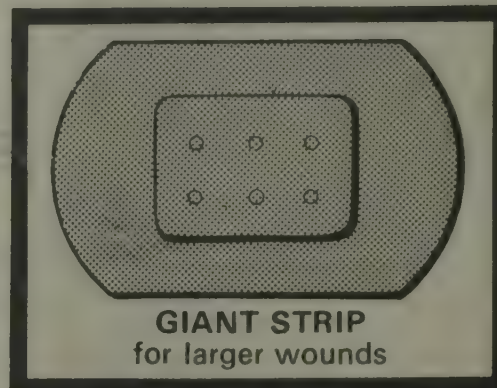
"Oh yes, you see, many people have a strange belief that if a new born infant (under 28 days) is taken out of doors, birds that fly overhead cause an ill effect on the child and they feel that neem leaves help to prevent this evil effect. They call this

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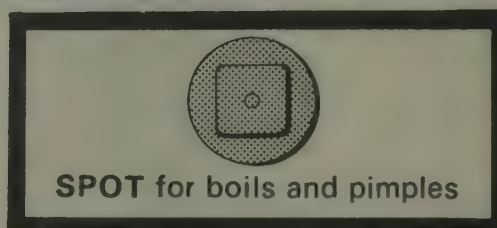
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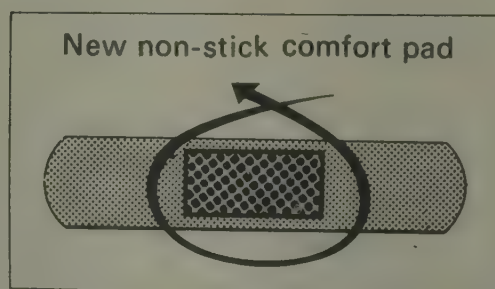
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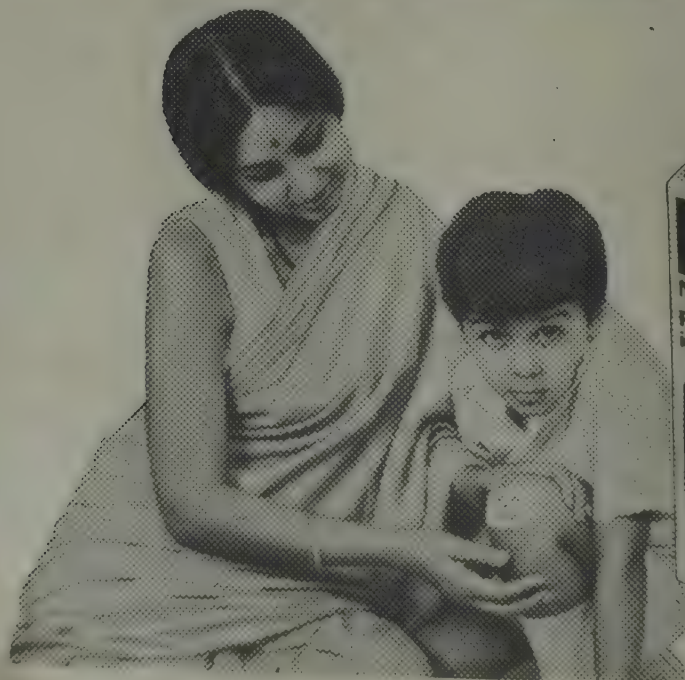
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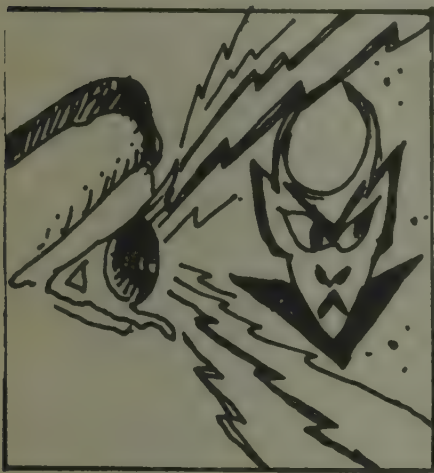
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Johnson & Johnson

'pakshidosham'. Well, though birds cannot do anything to the babies, neem leaves are known for their anti-infection properties, therefore they do no harm."

"This is very similar to another practice, doctor, 'the evil eye.' My gardener makes it a point to mix some dried chillies, salt and neem leaves and pass them over my children's heads thrice, and then he throws them into the fire. This, he says, drives away the evil spell cast by jealous eyes."

"Well, this is common practice in most South Indian households and it does no harm to any one, so there is nothing to worry about."



"Doctor, perhaps the most common ailment in children here in India is diarrhoea—"

"Yes. That is true, and yet you will be surprised how many mothers and fathers attribute this to what they call, 'dosham' (bad effect), and instead of taking the baby to a doctor, take the baby to various holy men or places for cure. Of course, they come to us finally, but by then the baby is very dehydrated."

"Sometimes, of course, the diarrhoea may be just a mild infection or tummy upset which improves on its own, and this coincidence makes the parents feel that the holy man has cured the baby."

"You will be surprised at the various superstitions regarding diarrhoea. Another method is to tie a sacred thread on the child's forearm or wrist and this sacred thread is tied by a holy man who makes a living out of this and whose ancestors too did the same. When a cure does take place due to God's grace, these ignorant parents attribute this to the holy man."

SUPERSTITIONS CAN HARM YOUR CHILD

"What about the common cold, So many cures are found for this among elderly people."

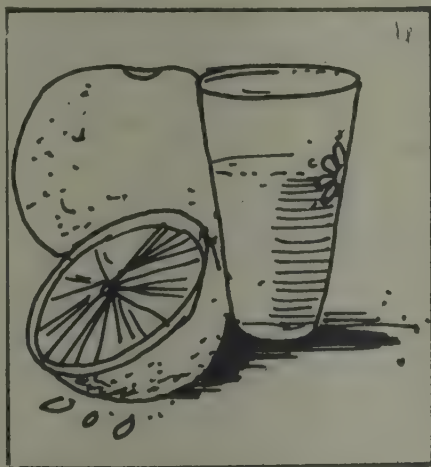
"Yes, one of the commonest, I find in my daily practice, is for parents to apply saffron or kumkum to the forehead as a paste. Saffron is a costly ingredient, and yet I find the poorest sections use this rather than buy medicines."

"This paste dries upon the baby's forehead causing acute irritation to the skin of the unfortunate baby, so much so that it cries all night and gets exhausted and is brought to my clinic in this condition."

"A treated cold will last for a week at least. What should be done is to clean the nose with clean cloth, keep the child with its head raised so as to make breathing easier."

"Speaking of colds, elderly people often tell us that babies catch cold if fresh fruit juice is given. Is this true?"

"Fruit juice gives energy, Vitamin C and has a laxative effect. It certainly does not cause cold, but in some babies, sour fruits like the lime and orange cause an allergic cold, in which case, these things should be avoided. Some mothers are so afraid that fruit juice causes cold, that they make the juice in very hot water, which is absolutely of no nutritional value, as heat destroys the



Vitamin C in it. Fruit juice should be made in boiled and cooled water. A mother who breast feeds a child, can take plenty of

juice herself and the Vitamin C will be passed on to the baby in her breast milk."

"Doctor, an English friend of mine said to me the other day, 'In England, it is the adults who use make-up. Here it is not the adults but the babies who do so,'



and she went on to ask me if kajal was good for the eyes as so many Indians had told her."

"Kajal application is one of the commonest causes of eye infection. In olden days, the kajal was made at home and if this is done cleanly with clean hands, and applied with a special stick, it may not lead to infection."

"What about virus infections like measles, chickenpox, etc?"

"Oh, the eruptive fevers. The superstitions regarding them are endless and widely practised both among the elite and the poor. The immediate reaction is that the Mother Goddess has paid the child a visit. Well, I would say that the step-mother goddess has paid them a visit because the child becomes weak, sick and unhappy."

"We definitely know that such diseases are caused by a virus. Though there is no diet restriction during this attack, a doctor must be consulted because measles could lead to broncho-pneumonia, and in chicken-pox, a further skin infection in certain cases."

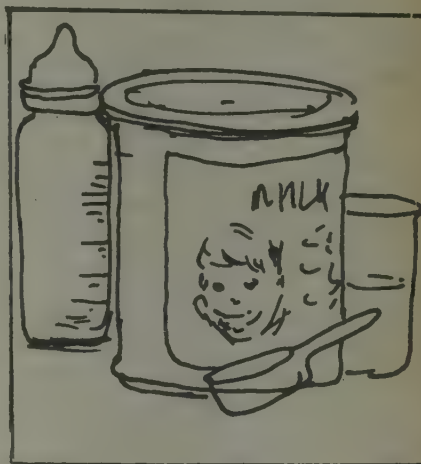
"When a child develops temperature, should he or she be covered heavily?"

"I am glad you mentioned this. You see, it is the common practice among parents to cover a child from head to foot when it has a fever. This is very wrong because it keeps the heat inside the body. Our idea is to expose the child as much as possible so that the heat is evaporated from the body. When a child has fever, it is always better to put the child in an air-conditioned room or under a fan or in a room with cross ventilation. If the fever is high, you can put Eau-de-cologne on the forehead, and give a cold sponge bath and of course medical aid."

"What about the role of breast milk in conjunctivitis in children?"

"This again is a common practice, but though the milk is sterile it contains lactose and sugar and fat which enable the bacteria to thrive and grow faster."

"A common complaint among new born babies is impetigo, a multiple pus formation or tiny boils all over the body. This again, parents often attribute to the evil eye, which is absurd. It



is an infection and a doctor should see the baby, or the bacteria increases and enters the blood stream. So, all skin infections, running of the nose, irritation in the eyes, too much of crying, should be treated medically and a paediatrician should be consulted."

"It is my honest request to all grandmothers, aunts, mothers-in-law and sisters-in-law not to misguide the poor mother but advise her to consult a doctor if anything goes wrong, so that the child will have a good healthy life," concluded Dr. Viswanath.

"It's fine now," I told her. "You shouldn't have any problems. Want to try it out?"

It was a little awkward. I didn't know what to call her. Even to call her Mrs. . . seemed impossibly familiar. The gulf between us was made up of much more than not knowing. There were so many other things. . . age, money, position and all that.

She gave a bored nod in answer to my question. As if it didn't matter really what I did. It was, I realised, part of her — that bored, disinterested, nothing-matters look. Well, who cared?

"Got any records?" I asked her.

"Over there. Pick any one."

I did. Boy, they had an ancient lot in there. Looked like the left-overs of the last century. Songs I'd never heard, singers I'd never heard of. Anyway, I put one on. I wasn't listening to the song, really. Just watching to see if the instrument was working well. It was. I glanced at her to see if she'd noticed that. Man, I got a shock! She was crying. Great globs of tears filled her eyes and cascaded down her cheeks like crazy waterfalls. I watched her half-fascinated, half-scared. What was I supposed to do? And what was it all about? Maybe she was a bit crazy. And what could I do about that?

Meanwhile the song went on and on and she went on crying. At last I did the only thing I could do. I turned off the music. Silence filled the room like something tangible. Suddenly she sat up and looked round as if she didn't know where she was. I made another sensible move. I offered her my handkerchief. Silently.

She came back from wherever she'd been and said, with an awkward laugh, "Oh, thank you."

She scrubbed her face hard, like a person furious with herself. When she finished I asked her, "It's okay now, isn't it?"

"What?"

Clutching the hanky in her hand, she gave me a bewildered look. It's odd, but with her face scrubbed and shining like that, and the wondering look in her eyes, she looked years younger. Like a girl my age, maybe.

"What?"

"I said it's working fine now, isn't it?"

"Oh that! Yes, perfectly. I was thinking of something else. I'm sorry. Thank you so much for taking all that trouble. Very kind of you, really."

A polite mechanical smile, and the years piled themselves back on to her face. She now looked the woman I saw as I went about on my ramshackle bike — a woman sitting calm and elegant behind the straight-as-a-coconut-tree chauffeur.

"Please tell your father too that I'm most grateful. How is your mother? And your little . . sister, isn't it?"

Patronising, condescending, supercilious bitch! But what else can you expect from a woman whose husband is your father's boss?

"They're all fine," I said levelly. "Thanks for asking."

We could have been two bloody Englishmen conversing about the weather. But in this game of falseness, she had a head start over me. Apart from being older, she was a woman, wasn't she?

Whistling between my teeth, I began to collect my things. It was soon done and I got up, slinging my bag on my shoulder. She didn't get up. She just sat there, still and motionless, scarcely aware of me. After all, I was not a person. Just a man who'd come to put something right. I'd done that and now I could go.

I cursed my father for getting me into this. But then, what else has he done. . . apart from breeding four kids, I mean. . . but flatter and grovel and abase himself before his superiors? Getting me here to do this job was part of the same thing. Suddenly I was filled with a screaming anger. How could someone treat me as if I didn't exist?

"My hanky?" I said, putting out my hand.

She looked at me as if she'd never seen me before.

"Can I have my hanky?"

She was still clutching it in her hand. Now her grip tightened. Like a child with a toy someone's trying to snatch away. I put out my hand and prised it from between her fingers. Now she did look at me. Not angrily. It was a defensive look. I knew she was preparing her words. I knew what they would be. I had to forestall her.

"Wet!" I said in pretended amazement, opening my hanky out and holding it in front of me. It hung limp.

"Wet!" And I let it flutter to the ground.

She flushed. . . even her ears turned red. . . and said, stammering slightly, "I. . . I. . . it wasn't. . . I mean. . ."

I had breached her defences, whatever they were. Feeling deliciously superior, I knelt down to pick up the hanky. My bag slipped off my shoulder, but I scarcely noticed it. Her face was now level with mine. She had, I noticed, plucked her eyebrows into a thinner line. I could see the puckered skin where she'd done the plucking.

ENCHANTMENT

Shashi Deshpande



"Yes?" I said politely, as if waiting for her to go on.

She looked at me appealingly. What did she want me to do? "How is your little . . . sister, isn't it?" Bitch!

"You were saying?" I prompted her again.

Her eyes turned stony. There

OLDER, ELEGANT AND PATRONIZING, SHE REDUCED ME TO A GRIMACING, STRUTTING PUPPET RESPONDING TO THE RIGHT PULLS

was a vein throbbing at her temple.

"That song. . . it was very popular when I. . . when we got married. They played it every where, over and over again. On my. . . on our wedding night, the room in which I. . . in which we. . ." She stopped and then went on fluently as if she had rehearsed the words often.

"It was a small room. And through the window I heard that song the whole night. Over and over again."

What was she talking about? I couldn't really take it in. I was too absorbed in watching her lips, the creases in them, her throat in which something moved up and down as she spoke. She was wearing a transparent red sari, with some kind of dots on it. Yes, now I remember, green and yellow dots. And through the flimsy stuff, her skin looked creamy. I had never been so close to a woman before. Girls. . . they shy away like frightened horses. . . mares, really. . . when you try to get too close. Specially when you're only a jobless fellow with just a diploma to prop you up. And sisters don't count. Not that my sisters ever looked like this, or smelt like this.

She had paused again. Then she went on, her voice now shockingly harsh and loud, her eyes looking, not at me, but through me.

"My husband. . . I remember he didn't even take off his clothes. Nor did he remove mine. But he was. . ." the lips moved in a burlesque of a smile "...quick and expert."

It brought back a picture of the man when I'd visited his office once. He had been dealing with some files and he had been, yes, quick and expert.

And then the meaning of what she'd said came to me. I'm not slow on the uptake normally. But this! And from her to me!

What was this intimate bit of confidence supposed to make of me? What was I supposed to do with it?

Then I got it. It was obviously an invitation. I must have dreamt, I suppose, of such a situation often; what young man doesn't? But now, to my shame, I was uncertain. What was I supposed to do and what if I did the wrong thing? Hell!

In a desperation, a frenzy almost, that I would let the opportunity slip through cowardice, I put my hand on her. She looked, not just startled, but comically, ridiculously surprised. She gazed unbelievably at my hand as if it was a . . . a cockroach or something that had strayed on her. And the next moment, a small smile made her lips quiver.

That was too much. I saw red. I put my other hand on her as well and did what the yielding softness was really driving me on to do. I began to stroke and caress her. Her face changed. She looked at me in a kind of unresisting helplessness. Whatever it was, I was past noticing. The only thing that did matter was that she was tense no longer.

And suddenly it was all right. I almost laughed aloud in exultation. There was neither hesitancy nor uncertainty in me now. I was full of the same excitement that had filled me when I had realised that I was learning to master the motorbike at last. It had not mattered then that the motorbike had not been mine, but a friend's. While I rode it, I was the master.

The usual question that confronts couples like us. . . where? . . . never troubled us once. Have I said that her's was a huge house? It was more than that. It was a crazy place, a bit of the British Raj left over. There were innumerable large rooms, many of which were never used until we found a use for one, verandahs and porches festooned with trailing bougainvilleae, and endless dark passages inside. The kitchen and the servants' room were far away. Sometimes, if someone opened the connecting doors, we could hear a buzz of voices. Otherwise, once the husband and the kid went out, we were alone in that enormous place.

"Convenient," she said, as if the house was just that and no more. It angered me to have her

talk that way. I thought of my home, three rooms in which the six of us lived. Rooms full of the smell of cooking. . . onions, garlic and spices. . . and unwashed clothes. And the cheap talcum my sisters used.

This house. . . it was not just its size. It was something more. A bit of life I'd never thought was for me. Sometimes I got confused between her and the house, both of them surrounded, for me, by the same enchantment.

To her it was just a place she had lived in for some years. "Almost three years," she said indifferently to me once, "since we came her. Time for us to move on. Not more than three years in a place. We don't let down roots anywhere."

"You don't mind?"

"Not at all."

Her bored tone brought back the elegant woman sitting nonchalantly behind the ramrod-straight chauffeur. The poised, well-dressed woman graciously giving away prizes to kids, addressing women's clubs. "Not so long as Priya is with me," she went on, her tone changing.

Priya. Her ten-year-old daughter. Priya means love. And whenever she said the name, it seemed to be burdened with the full weight of its meaning. I'd seen the kid once or twice. A skinny kid with a narrow face, uneven teeth, pointed chin and beautiful eyes.

"And I?" I asked, angry with her for reducing me to nothing again.

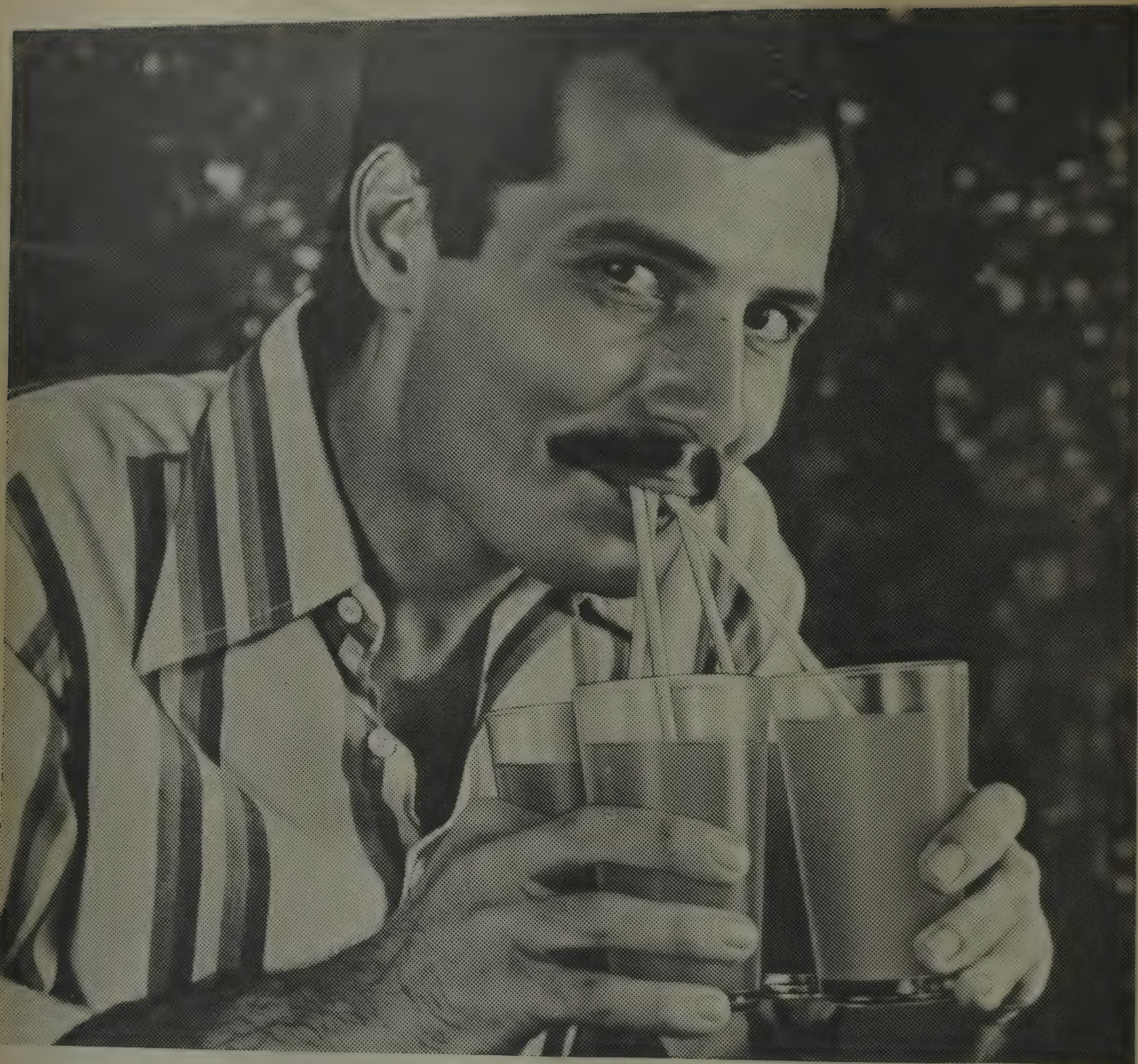
"Not so long as Priya is with me!"

"What about me when you go away?"

"Oh you!" she said teasingly. "You'll forget me fast enough. And find yourself a younger girl. No, not that. As soon as you get a job, your parents will choose a girl for you. You will marry her, make her happy, become a good husband, father and son, put away the past. . ."

Somehow it hurt me to hear what she was saying. Was it because I heard the ring of truth in it? Whatever it was, it reduced me to a puppet, a grimacing, strutting puppet, responding to the right pulls. Fiercely I pulled





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ENCHANTMENT

her closer. She succumbed with the sudden wild abandon that was always maddening.

"Is this the real you?" I asked her. "Or is that woman who passes me by in her car without a look the real you?"

"How do I know?" She sounded peevish. "Neither, maybe."

And then, with a sudden switch of subject, she asked, "Your mother. . . what kind of a woman is she?"

Now what could I say to that? A mother is a mother. . . And I'm not trying to be clever when I say that. "She's all right," I said lamely. "Looks after us, the house, cooks and all that."

"A good wife and mother," she said. And I could sense that she was mocking. But whom was she mocking? Me? My mother? Her own self?

"Yes," I said, angrily, loudly.

"A lump of clay, a blank slate, a clean piece of paper. . ." she said thoughtfully.

"What's that?"

"I'm answering your question. The real me." And, seeing my face, "Anyway, let it go. But sometimes I have to look at my shadow to reassure myself that I am. That I exist. Or, at Priya's eyes."

She was sitting with her back to me, struggling to hook herself into her bra. Her back was bare and. . . it's an odd thing to say about a person's back, but that's how it seemed to me then. . . it looked lonely and somehow pathetic. In a kind of compunction and pity, I suddenly called out her name. She turned round, eyebrows arched and raised in inquiry, and her loneliness, her pitifulness, both seemed an illusion.

An odd woman. But she'd got into me so deep, I'd think I'd go mad when I had to do without her for a few days. It was like a fever. . . this thing. What could I call it? Love? No, I never used the word. Many times I thought of saying them to her, those words which, it seemed, were a kind of magic formula, making everything right, everything justifiable. Yet, whenever I tried to say them to her, they got stuck in my

throat. I couldn't say them, they seemed so unnatural, so irrelevant to us and what we were doing. And so I strenuously eschewed those words. Yet, how is it that I can still remember, with an astonishing clarity, the taste of her lips, the smell of her skin, the feel of her back under my hand?

And then, the kid came down with some childish illness. She let me know that we could not meet, not until the kid was better and back at school.

I stayed away. But one day I could bear it no more and I went to her. She was angry. I had rarely seen her so angry, and oddly, my desire for her blazed into an even fiercer flame at the sight of her anger.

"Please," I pleaded, hating myself for saying it, hating my face for slackening into helpless appeal. "She won't know. Just a few minutes."

As she still resisted, I began to touch her with my hands, my lips. Her anger turned into confusion, but she would not give in. I tugged at her hair which came tumbling down. Two pins fell to the floor in separate tinkles. Another fell soundlessly on the carpet. I picked them up and pressed them into her palm, deliberately hurting her, saying, "Why not? Why not?"

I felt as if I could have murdered her if she hadn't given in. But suddenly her resistance left her and, getting up, she walked before me into our usual room. I followed her, blinded by my desire and what's that other thing that makes you deaf, dumb and blind to everything and everyone but one other person? I guess it was that way for her, too. For it was only later that I realised we hadn't even bolted the door.

As she lay in my arms, a soft, huddled heap, we heard a voice through the door. "Mama?"

Our bodies, which had turned flaccid with release, became rigid again. She sat up and glaring at me almost with hatred, said, "Oh my God!"

"Mother," the voice said again, nearer now.

In a flurry she got out of bed,

frantically trying to dress, to cover herself, while I lay too confused even to move. I could think of nothing, not even that obvious and eternally ridiculous move of a guilty lover. . . hiding in a closet. She was gathering her hair into a knot with trembling fingers, thrusting her feet into her slippers, when the voice said again, "Mummy?" And there it was, the face in the door, anxious, inquiring, just a little petulant.

Then she saw me and the face changed into a blank astonishment. As if for reassurance she went back to her mother. They looked at each other for a moment, the child's face taking on the same expression of ugly terror as the mother's, as if she was only a reflection. And I was not in it at all now. And suddenly the child fled. At that, she came out of her stillness, tidying herself in foolish, hurried, futile gestures, and saying, "Priya, Priya," she left the room.

I never went back. I didn't want to. I had been made to feel foolish, ridiculous and for days I seethed with anger. And there was something else, a feeling I could not define, something that made me uncomfortable whenever it rose up in me. But I pushed it down, I crushed it and it did not trouble me for long.



But I saw her again, just once. It was Prize Day at my sister's school and my mother, agitated about the kid's coming home alone after dark, pressurised me into going there to escort her back. When I reached there, there was an air of somnolence about the audience that told me they were coming to the end of it. I arranged myself with great discretion behind the platform on which the VIPs sat. I knew, you see, she would be there to give away the prizes. Yes, there she was, straight as usual, bending a little each time she handed a child a prize. I could not see her face, but I had no need to. I could imagine the smile that accompanied each prize, gracious, polite, meaningless.

And then, there was a ripple of laughter and excitement among the girls as a name was called out. It was her daughter... Priya.

The child marched up to the dais, stood there composed and self-possessed, then stretched out her hand for her prize, just like all the other girls had done. Yet there was something wrong about it. The good-humoured laughter, the smiles, died away and I knew the others had felt it too.

Then I realised. The other girls had fumbled, hands coming together in a namaste, then going out to shake hands, ending up often with a clumsy in-between gesture. Whereas, with this child, there was a perfection about the action as if it had been practised before. The smile on her face was the one I had imagined on the mother's — polite, gracious and meaningless. Saying, clearer than words. . . I don't know you. And the girl's eyes were unsmiling, staring at her mother and through her, as if there was a blank space where the mother stood. That look . . . it chilled me. I tell you, I shivered as I stood there in the crowd in that hot room. And some words came into my mind. . . were they not her own? A lump of clay, a blank slate, a clean piece of paper.

Once again I had that strange instinct to call out her name. But this time I didn't. No, I just walked away. And when I went home, my mother raged at me because I had forgotten to bring home my kid sister after all.

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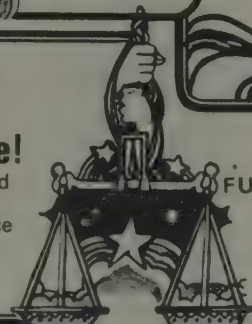
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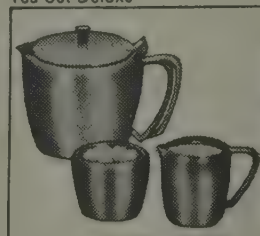
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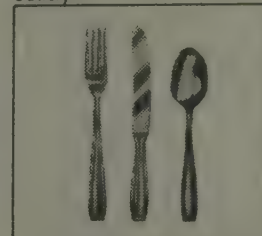
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VERSATILE DOLL-MAKER



Doll-making is a lucrative business for Sarla now. She started her class with just four students — today she has two shifts daily and there is a long waiting list. "Doll-making is very creative and satisfying; besides, I make good money without going out to work," says Sarla. She conducts classes in painting and batik too.

Doll-making as well as doll-collecting is a passion with Sarla. Indian dolls are in great demand in foreign countries. "The scope is unlimited and with proper handling, India can have a roaring export market of dolls," she says.

Talented Sarla has several exhibitions to her credit and she has given a number of demonstrations in doll-making. Her dolls, as well as her paintings, have been widely appreciated. "Though this entails a lot of hard work and concentration, it is worth the effort."

Sarla's other hobbies include Ikebana, gardening, acting in plays on T.V. and All India Radio and music. She is a Sangeet Vis-harad from the Ghandharva Mahavidyalaya.

Originally Sarla Tandon, a versatile housewife from Delhi, planned on a teaching career after obtaining a first class first in M.A. (Economics). But marriage changed her decision. She felt that if she took up a job, she would be neglecting her home, and opted for conducting doll-making classes at home.

In her college days she had been a good painter and was making dolls, too. She thought of taking extensive training in these and also batik. "Shaping of human figures is the highest form of self expression," says Sarla. "And getting the right expression on the faces of my dolls is my biggest endeavour."

She makes dolls of different countries in their traditional costumes and jewellery. To lend them authenticity, she studies her subjects well.



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WOMEN IN FOCUS

Khorshedi Alam of Dacca, Bangladesh, better known as Dolly, recently visited Calcutta to attend a conference. She was full of plans to further the cause of professional and business women.

As president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women of Bangladesh, she has succeeded in starting new branches of the federation in Chittagong, Rajshahi and Dacca.

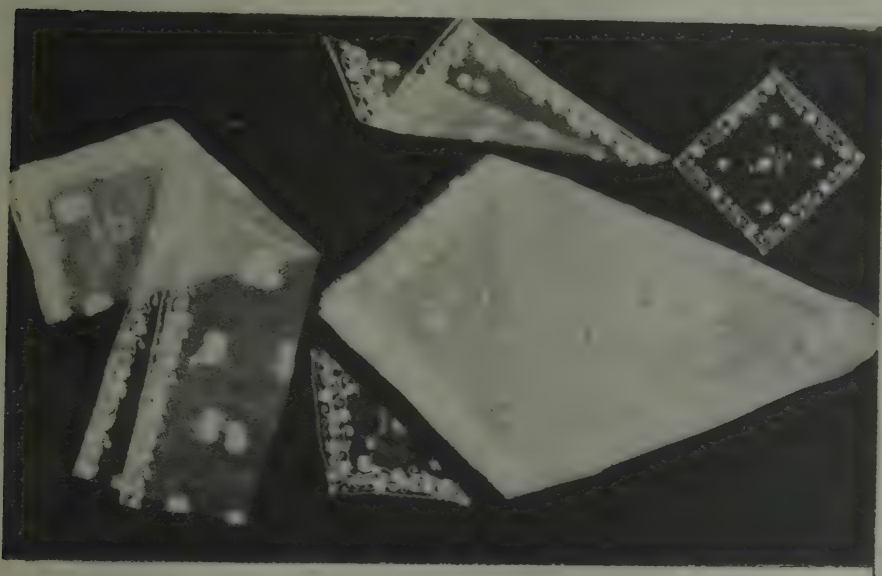
"When was this federation started?" I asked.

"In 1967, in the then East Pakistan, but it became moribund later. I am the founder-president of the new federation which has taken a new direction since we took it up. We run several projects to help professional and business women and have set up two hostels for them in Dacca and Chittagong."

"Do you keep in touch with

KHORSHEDI ALAM

A FLAIR FOR BUSINESS



other similar world organisations for professional and business women?"

"Oh, yes," Dolly said. "I never let anything stand in the way of my attending these international conferences. My husband and son are marvellously co-operative about my leaving them to fend for themselves for a while," she smiled.

Dolly attended such an international conference in Greece only last month, which she found very fruitful.

"Are you in business yourself?" I asked, because in the exquisite Dacca "Jamdani" saree she did not look the type.

"Of course, I am!" retorted Dolly, "and not only 'in' it, but deep, deep in it. As a matter of

fact, it pained me that the lovely, traditional products of Bangladesh should not find a market in the western world where they appreciate and treasure eastern handicrafts."

"So what did you do about it?"

She said that she organised the manufacture of suitable handicrafts of the right quality and in the required quantity. Then she forged ahead with her ambitious export programme. She is the director of "Joya Ltd" and exports handicrafts from Bangladesh to U.K., Norway, Japan, Canada and Germany.

"You mean you have established a market for your goods in these countries all by yourself?" I asked.

"Yes I have. They are made of jute, cane and leather and they have an established market abroad now. It gives me great satisfaction to see the workmen turning out their wares and earning the money they need so badly and also enjoying the appreciation of their craftsmanship."

"What about the designs? Do you have a professional designer?"

"No, I do the designing myself," she replied confidently. "But I trained the semi-rural artisans, mainly women, to master their medium. Also, our Export Promotion Bureau is very helpful to a woman like me. You will be glad to know that I was the first Bangladesh woman to be included in the Government group of businessmen touring E.E.C. in 1977."

Besides all this work, Dolly has used her imagination and culinary know-how to start a restaurant in Dacca called "Talk of the Town."

"Now what was it that inspired you to start the restaurant?"

Dolly, said, "You know I have been teaching in a college for 20 years. I felt very sad that the modern generation was still so tradition bound that they would not think of the catering service as 'quite respectable'. I was determined to change this viewpoint to a more pragmatic one. So the restaurant came into being with a woman manager and women workers."

Dolly is an executive member of the Bangladesh Jatiya Mahila Sangstha and the Bangladesh National Council of Social Welfare. She is a woman who has not left unexplored any avenue of service nor taken up any project which she has not guided successfully.

Tapati Mookerji

NIRMALA SHARMA

PIONEER OF IKEBANA IN INDIA

Ikebana attempts to capture the spirit of nature in its myriad moods. And each flower arrangement has a story to tell. It may evoke the memory of a glorious sunset through flowers in vivid shades of orange, bring visions of cool, green forests with the use of branches, or the serenity of a placid lake through a float-

ing water lily.

And Nirmala Sharma, pioneer of Ikebana in India, has been totally involved in this very interesting art for about two decades. She was recently given the Sub-Grandmaster award (Fuku-Kyomu), by the Headmaster of the Ohara School of Ikebana, Japan, a distinction conferred on a few highly qualified persons. This is given once in three years to those other than a Japanese. Nirmala is the third woman to be honoured with this award.

Moreover, she has been appointed Founder Advisor of the Indian Chapter of the Ohara School of Ikebana, Bombay, by the Ohara School of Ikebana. Nirmala holds the Second Master's degree which is given only in Japan.

As President of the Indian Chapter for a decade (1969-79), Nirmala gave several lecture demonstrations and organised a number of exhibitions which attracted wide attention.

Nirmala has now shifted to Delhi and is thinking of starting Ikebana classes there. "But I want to teach this art to talented young people... not just well-to-do women," she said.



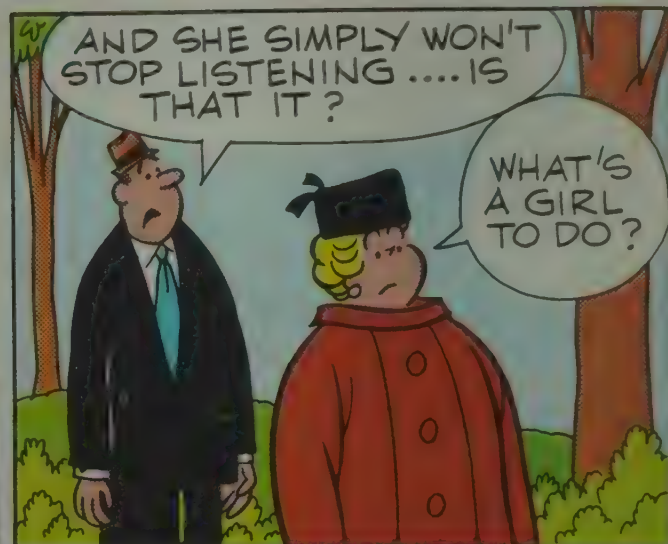
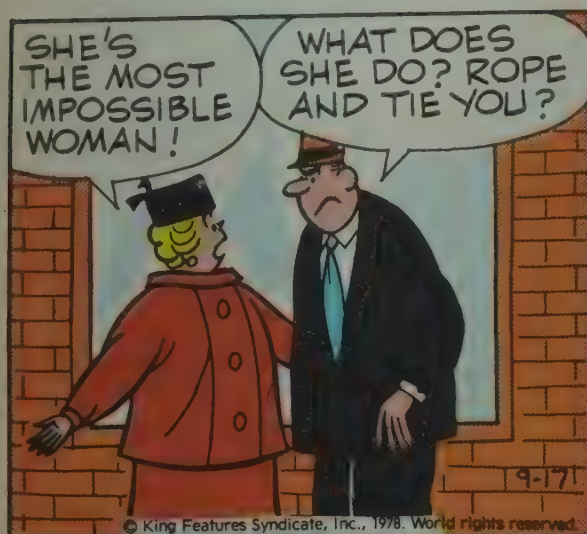
How did she take up Ikebana? "By sheer accident," she smiled. "I was living in Japan and was a young housewife then. There I happened to meet Houn Ohara, Headmaster of the Ohara School, who was to be my guru. It was a matter of great pride when he told me that he would teach me this art. And I took it up seriously."

Talking about the immense joy and feeling of satisfaction she derives from it, Nirmala remarked, "When I do an arrangement, I get totally involved with flowers... I am oblivious to everything else. To me Ikebana is a form of worship of God!"

Chakresh Jain

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



Wife: "I've been asked for a reference for our last maid. I've said she's lazy, unpunctual and impertinent. Now can I add anything in her favour?"

Hubby: "You might say that she's got a good appetite and sleeps well."

The mistress called the new maid into the living room. "Look there," she commanded reprovingly, pointing at the piano. "I wrote your name in the dust on the piano this morning."

"I saw it, madam, and I've been meaning to speak to you about it," replied the maid. "You've got it spelled wrong."

The charming hostess was fluttering about her guest of honour. "I shouldn't be serving you wine," she cooed.

"Why not?" the gentleman said, "I'm Chairman of the Anti-Vice league."

"Well, I knew there was

THAT'S A LAUGH!

something I shouldn't offer you."

"So you never let a man kiss you goodnight?"

"No, by the time he leaves me it's always morning."

"Is he conceited?"

"Conceited? Why, every



time he hears a clap of thunder, he runs to the window and takes a bow."

"You want me to give you a raise in salary, eh? Well, give me at least two good reasons why."

"Twins."

"Is the doctor in?"

"Yes, but the doctor is practising."

"Well, I'll come back when he's perfect."

He: "It's a funny thing, but every time I dance with you the dances seem very short."

She: "They are. My fiance is leader of the orchestra."

Wife: "How do you like this cake?"

Hubby: "Fine. Did you buy it yourself?"

Grandpa: "Who's the most popular boy in your school?"

Jack: "Last term Jones was. He gave us all the measles."

"I wonder," said the lady at a bridge party, "what men talk about when there are no ladies present?"

"Oh, probably the same



things we talk about," replied another.

Another of the girls interjected, "They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

The ferryboat captain, shouting down to the crew's quarters, asked: "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

"No," came a voice from below, "but there's a McPherson who's willing to try."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Till yesterday, young Kanwaljeet was a nonentity. He used to knock at the door of producer after producer with his diploma in acting from the FTII, only to be politely sent away with a negative reply. Today, after the big budget multi-starrer "Patthar Ke Log," written by Salim and Javed has been launched with Kanwaljeet sharing the limelight with Amitabh Bachchan, Shatrughan Sinha, Raakhee, Parveen Babi and Bindiya, Kanwaljeet is bewildered to find that his stock in film-land has escalated overnight.

The film with which Kanwaljeet, or Cuckoo as he is called affectionately by his friends, made his debut was "Dastan-e-Laila Majnu" in which his co-star was Anamika. His maiden film turned out to be a miserable flop and almost wrote off his career because, according to him, "it was a badly made film which I should not have touched even with a barge pole." The film carried him back two steps and when he bagged his next assignment in

Salim and Javed for the trust they have placed in "a flop star" like him.

With gratitude writ large in his eyes, Kanwaljeet says that he will remain indebted forever to

Salim and Javed for the trust they have placed in "a flop star" like him.

Apart from "Patthar Ke Log", the only other film that Kanwaljeet has signed after he found himself sought after, is Anil Tej-

ani's as yet untitled film starring him in the romantic lead opposite Deepti Naval.

"Even though I have not been forbidden by the makers of 'Patthar Ke Log' from signing for other film makers when the film is in the making, I have decided not to saddle myself with bad assignments which may endanger my career and impede my progress. I have been signed for two more films by producer Sood. He has told me that after 'Patthar Ke Log' is complete, he will start work on the two films. Life seems to be too exciting for me now."

Producers who had shelved the making of some of his films earlier have now come forward to make the films, in order to cash in on the publicity that Kanwaljeet has secured after he bagged "Patthar Ke Log", but he has refused to be enticed.

Kanwaljeet has started his second phase as far as his career is concerned. He is hopeful and all set to make it this time. And stardom seems to be his for the asking because he is working hard for it, with Salim and Javed as his god-fathers.

KANWALJEET: the turning point

Jyothi Venkatesh

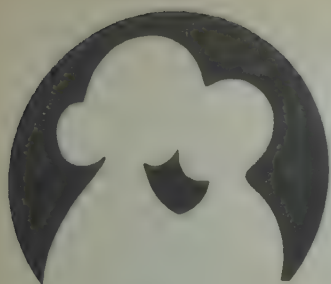
"Shankar Hussain" from Kamaal Amrohi, he was quite thrilled and hoped to launch his career on a sound footing now.

"May be I was jinxed those days when I had just passed out from the Institute. Everything with which I associated myself seemed to go wrong. 'Shankar Hussain' too was a flop. Madhu Chanda was my co-star in 'Shankar Hussain'. Yusuf Naqvi, who had directed the film for Kamaal Amrohi (who was only the producer of the film) did full justice to the subject, but as the masses expected it to be another masterpiece from the celebrated director of 'Pakeeza', it fell short of their expectations and flopped."

Several colleagues of Kanwaljeet who passed out of the Institute managed to entrench themselves in film-land while he himself was finding the going tough with no producer approaching him with a good offer. Yet never once did he think of packing up and leaving the industry for good.

Kanwaljeet was thrilled when Salim and Javed broke the news to him that on their recommen-





She comes to stand before you with her wares, a ragged little figure with dusty, matted hair. In her arms is a biscuit-box full of different sweets. Impervious to your glares or your studied indifference, she will continue to drone in a thin voice, right under your nose. She leaves as silently as she appeared. You dart a look over your shoulder to find her standing before another woman who has quickly drawn her sari around her, fearful of contact.

These children, boys and girls, hop on to moving trains with their boxes of chikki and trays of gaudy trinkets held firmly against themselves. You find them carrying bricks on their heads around construction sites or sitting on the pavements with shoeshine kits before them. They appear as if from under your car at traffic-hold-ups, waving their large, ragged dusters around your windshield. Sharp eyed and nimble, smooth tongued and, above all, persistent, these children are sweating out a living with all the doggedness and desperation of a breadwinner of forty.

The nations of the West considered child labour a blot on their national honour and abolished it. The National Institute of Public Cooperation and Child Development however has warned that any "rash abolitionist measures" against child labour would be both unrealistic and unrealisable.

The conclusion was reached after a survey of 4962 families living in ten slum pockets of Bombay city. The Institute interviewed 5939 children — of whom 876 had already joined the city's work force. Of these, 66 per cent were not yet 15 years old. The findings provide a glimpse into the backgrounds of these children, explaining why they are driven to the streets to work.

The children work to survive. Most came from large families of five to eight members. Every other person in the family worked. Yet with roughly three earners in every family, most families earned under Rs. 250 each month. Of this, children contributed about 23 per cent. In some cases they were the principal earners. The eldest child in the

family was out at work before he was ten.

Despite this, the gap between the families' income and their monthly expenditure was so narrow that none of these families had any savings to meet a crisis. Most were steeped in debt of as much as Rs. 987 each.

The children complained that their 'status' as earners did not free them from household chores — bringing water, cooking, washing, was all expected of them. Nonetheless they were either happy with, or indifferent to, their way of life. They said the economic independence and the sense they were capable of

sharing the family responsibility kept them going.

To which the parents, 59 per cent of them, added that work developed a sense of responsibility in the child making him "sober, considerate and well-behaved." They would like their children to continue working even if the family income was increased by the amount the earning child contributed. But the other parents said that work made the child defiant and self-centered. He often took to gambling and smoking. Children neither working nor going to school became delinquents.

Yet just 33 per cent of the employed children said they smoked and a mere one per cent played cards. Not a single working child was addicted to drink-

ing.

Work did not bring them any special comforts. The self-employed child — who was selling, making articles, scrap collecting or doing casual labour — wore the same clothes year in and out. He had often no footwear even after having worked for years. He earned an average of Rs. 82 a month. Of this he got Rs. 10 as pocket money. Lack of a fixed place or shelter, no investment capital, harassment by officials, were the main problems these children faced in their jobs.

Health suffered. The rag pickers had their feet and hands injured by broken pieces of glass and iron. They suffered from scabies, blisters and cracks on their skin. Backache and pain in their legs were a common complaint.

CHILD LABOUR

PROTECTION, NOT ABOLITION IS THE NEED OF THE HOUR

Shahnaz Anklesaria



The employed child did mainly domestic work or worked in production units. Sixty-eight per cent got an average monthly salary of Rs. 86. Those working in construction jobs, arts and crafts were the highest paid. Those working in homes or restaurants were the lowest paid — earning an average of Rs. 31 a month. Most children handed over their entire earnings to their parents.

These children worked on an average of eight hours a day with about 30-50 minutes of rest in between. About 35 per cent did not get a day off during the week. Most children travelled a distance ranging from one to ten kms each day to their place of work.

Yet 88.6 per cent of the children were satisfied with the treatment meted out to them by their employers. The most unhappy ones were those in construction jobs and the most satisfied were those who worked in restaurants and at repair jobs.

Despite such long hours of work, an overwhelming majority of children both employed and self-employed were longing to study — but in a manner that did not disturb their work schedule. They were prepared to spare two hours each day for this. About 63 per cent of those over 15 years and 40 per cent of those between the ages 6-15 had never been to school. Of those who did go to school 58 per cent dropped out, many before completing the sixth standard.

Both the school environment and the curriculum were found to be much too dull.

Eighty per cent of the parents wanted their children to go to school. They have recognised the importance of education. Yet economic compulsions made them push their children into the labour force. Still, very few parents wanted their children to work before they were nine. If some trade were taught to the children in school, they could remain there longer. Could not children both work and go to school? they asked. The Government, they insisted, should organise vocational training which would better their child's progress.

Vocationalise education — this, the Institute concludes, is the most urgent measure needed if we want to build for the future. There is no better way to ensure that future citizens of this country are both literate and equipped to create for themselves a better future. Vocational courses could easily be introduced in schools, particularly municipal



unes, for children from the age of 11. A network of formal and non-formal education centres should be established in slums for working children and drop-outs. Such training centres and institutions should provide employment counselling, vocational guidance and training in skilled and semi-skilled jobs.

Voluntary agencies all over the country could find much to press for some of the many suggestions put forward by this report. That is, if they are determined to make this International Year of the Child a meaningful one.

The Institute emphasises the need for a concerted campaign for the "dissipation of adverse and unhealthy conditions attendant on child labour." Both employers and the public need to be educated about existing legal provisions for working children. But, in all probability, the former will need to be goaded by public pressure into action.

The onus of responsibility, is also squarely placed on trade unions. If the employed adults of the families of these working children are paid wages according to the provisions of the Minimum Wages Act, they would not have to put their children into jobs so early. Yet trade unions seem to register problems which need organised intervention at the very bottom of their priorities list.

Child workers are not organised. Trade unions must be more concerned with protecting this force against exploitation. They can publicise lapses of employers in implementing legislative provisions regarding working children. They can demand that the various establishments which make children work for longer hours be legally required to record in the attendance register the actual arrival and departure times of these workers.

The existing legislation relating to child workers does not, the survey declares, suffer for structural defects. On paper, everything reads fine. What is lacking is enough concern about its enforcement.

LITTLE CAESARS

- * An only child is a shining example of what not to be.
- * Ill-bred children always display their pest manners.
- * A child is a stomach entirely surrounded by curiosity.
- * Many smart children do not smart in the right places.
- * The most common impediment in the speech of children is chewing gum.
- * The only evidence of breeding some children show is when they scratch their heads.
- * Christmas is the season we must get things for the children for their fathers to play with.
- * If thine enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children a drum.
- * Children are often spoiled because you can't spank their grandmothers.
- * All children face the hard problem of learning good table manners without seeing any.
- * Parents are two of the hardships of a child's life.
- * Children have more won't power than will power.
- * Many parents are not on spanking terms with their children.
- * Little children with big heads will grow up to be big children with little heads.
- * Familiarity breeds contempt — and children.

George T. Fegradoe.

RIGHT: A family get together — the little miss is in a red midi kaftan which has delicate embroidery at the sides; the skirt teams beautifully with a long sleeve top — all pleated and perked-up; with embroidery at the yoke; a yellow sleeveless top goes well with the pleated trousers for a casual look; while the other little miss in yellow dress has honeycomb embroidery at front yoke.

BELOW: Pretty and practical — Colourful pleated pieces combine to make a beautiful kaftan for this little girl, with pretty posies embroidered all over; a green pleated dress with a shirt collar and long sleeves has embroidery at yoke and cuffs; the dress in brilliant colours looks pretty with straight cut sleeves and embroidery at yoke.



PLEAT 'N' A

Here it is — the comeback of the old pleated look — once more firmly established as a fashion must in a casually elegant mood. You can slip these on in the morning and feel happily confident that it will look great right through the day — because these fabrics are crease-resistant and

BELOW : Very sophisticated and individual looking kaftan speaks for itself. The polka dotted kaftan in green is interspersed with delicate lace trimmings. The shaded kaftan in red, blue and white in American georgette has honeycomb embroidery at front.



BEAUTED

washable and need no ironing. JACOB has created these lovely styles which cater sizes in brilliant colours which add up to a visual treat.

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Photographs; Farokh Reporter

THE STORY SO FAR. . .

ONE: Bret Nelson, thirty-four, a tall New Zealander currently in Britain on a short business trip, meets Clementina O'Gorman (Clem), at the wedding of a common friend. A courtship ensues during which he tells her about his family back home — parents, his brothers Ken, Carl and Thad and a sister Nicola. She confesses she is the orphan daughter of an Irish feudal lord who eloped with a nursemaid, thus severing all connections with the aristocratic household. Bret asks her to accompany him to New Zealand, but she is insulted at the audacity of the "proposition."

TWO: Bret explains it is a proposal. Clem however, is not sure of her feelings, but agrees after persuasion to a "trial engagement" at the end of which she will have the option to either accept or refuse him. It is arranged that she stay for six months with his parents at their suburban farm house, where Bret makes week-end trips from Auckland where he works. In New Zealand, Clem meets Nicola and her husband, Owen Page, Bret's brothers Ken, Thad and Carl. She is wearing the ring that Bret has given her for propriety's sake, though in this case it doesn't mean "Quite the usual thing".

THREE: There is a family get-together at the Nelsons' farm where Clem meets more family members — Elaine, Ken's wife and their child Sara. Some days later Clem accompanies Mrs. Nelson to a federation meeting of farmers' wives, and meets Beth Strange, who invites them for a Saturday night party to celebrate the home-coming of her sister Vanessa Morris, just back from Australia. At the party, Clem is disturbed by the apparent closeness of Bret and Vanessa, but Bret assures her there are no broken hearts. Thad however, in one of his confiding moods, lets fall to Clem, that Bret and Vanessa were indeed "involved" two years ago. Tom Rowland, the Nelson's farmworker is laid up in hospital with a motor-cycle accident and Bret tries to fix up a temporary hand from Aputa.

FOUR: Ned Kelly the temporary worker is a fascinating man a widely travelled author who does odd jobs for the pleasure of experience. Clem is impressed. One weekend Thad confides in Clem about his feelings for Vanessa. He wants to propose but is afraid of a rebuff, because the girl clearly prefers Bret. Later Vanes-

sa drops in for lunch at the farm and Clem watching Bret and her, cannot escape the conviction that Thad is right. To make matters worse, Vanessa seeks out Clem, bursting with a secret confidence she is eager to transmit. She invites Clem for lunch on Thursday for a heart-to-heart talk. Clem though disturbed, accepts. Meanwhile Bret has planned a sight-seeing pleasure trip for Clem and also arranged for her to stay with Nicola and Owen for it. Vanessa's lunch is postponed and Clem departs for Auckland. During the sight-seeing Nicola has a bad fall. Her pregnancy is threatened.

The hospital advises complete rest to avoid complications. Nicola offers to stay and help out. Vanessa's lunch date is further shelved. Back at the farm on the weekend, Clem is aloof with Bret. She shamelessly uses the various family members and even Ned Kelly to advantage, to keep an unnoticed distance between her and Bret. Her coldness puts him off and he departs in a huff. On the following Thursday, Clem lunches with Vanessa and learns that the girl had been used and jilted by a worthless man, and Bret had saved her from further folly, providing a brotherly protection. Vanessa confesses she is really in love with Thad. When Clem returns to the farm all set for a rosy reunion with Bret, she learns that Tom Rowland has got on his feet after hospitalisation. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson go to pick him up, while Clem stays back to cook and clean. Clem is bidding farewell to Ned Kelly who's leaving shortly, when Bret who happens to come unexpectedly a day earlier, sees them and misconstrues the whole situation.

NOW READ ON . . .

How long has it been going on?" Bret asked, almost indifferently.

"What?" she asked crisply.

"You know damn well, what. This flirtation . . . affair or whatever it is between you and Ned Kelly."

"It is neither," she said.

"Then how do you explain the apparent closeness of your relationship with my father's farm worker? I'm not such a fool as you seem to take me for. It didn't escape my notice last Saturday that you were in the tractor shed with him for a good twenty minutes after the motor was running perfectly."

"You knew where I was?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, of course I knew. Did you hope to keep it a secret?"

"Don't be so cheap," she flashed.

"Sorry, but there's a saying about people in glass houses. . ."

"You're the one who's throwing stones Bret. Or accusations, insinuations."

"With reason, I think."

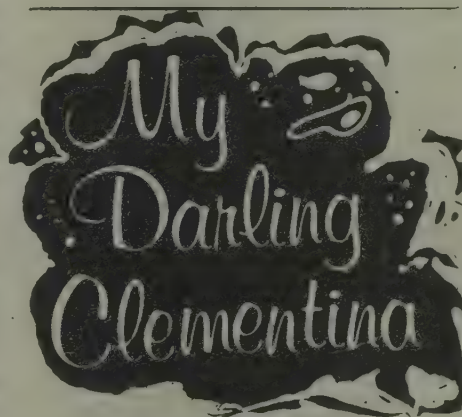
"Ned is not what you think at all. You could do with some lessons from him in kindness and sympathy — and understanding and maybe trust, too!" She tugged at the ring on her finger, and held it out to him, eyes stinging.

"Good lord!" he said softly, with the utmost contempt.

"You've found your father figure!"

"What father figure?" she asked blankly.

PART SIX



"My Darling Clementina" was originally published by Mills and Boon Ltd., London (c) Daphne Clair Australian copyright 1978.

"The one you described to me so graphically when I asked you what you looked for in a husband. Ages ago in London. Remember?"

She hadn't thought about it. "Will you please take your ring?" she said coldly.

"Put it back on."

"No!" She let the ring drop to the ground between their feet, turned and went quickly up the steps into the house. Bret scooped up the ring and came after her. She tried to hide in her room but he pursued her.

His body was heavy on hers, he had an unbreakable hold on her wrists.

"Get off me!" Clem exclaimed furiously. "I hate you."

He laughed softly and undid the top two buttons of her shirt and pushed aside the collar. She

felt his lips on her skin at the curve of neck and shoulder, then the sharp nip of teeth, as he drew blood. She opened her fingers and raked her nails into the open collar of his shirt, saw him wince and was pleased.

"Get out. Get out of my room!" she yelled.

"My pleasure," he drawled. Somehow it made it worse when he shut the door quietly behind him.

A long time later she realised she was hearing the sound of the milking machines. Ned was at his work. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson arrived. When Bret offered to help his mother with the dishes, Clem thankfully retired to the front room with the other three men — Tom, Mr. Nelson and Ned. They had opened a bottle of wine to celebrate Tom's recovery. When Clem raised her



glass later, Mrs. Nelson noticed she was not wearing her ring.

"I took it off before I began cooking," Clem said.

"You haven't left it in the kitchen have you dear?"

"It's all right," came Bret's voice across the room. "I'm looking after it for her."

Somebody had put on a record — a Brahms symphony. Clem became aware of a peculiar ache inside her as the music wafted into the room.

Later, Bret managed to find her alone.

"Come for a walk outside. I want to talk to you," he said, "unless you're frightened."

"I'm not frightened," she said scornfully.

They walked to the nearest fence.

"I apologise for this after-

noon," he said. "I'm sorry I doubted your word. Ned enlightened me. You don't need me to tell you I lost my temper."

"Bullies don't scare me," she shrugged.

"I'm sorry, but if you want me to grovel, I'm afraid I'm not the type. Well Clementina, do I give you back your ring?"

"Do you want to?"

For answer he simply took her

She had never liked big, dominant men. They reminded her too much of her father...

That was why she had liked Bret only reluctantly. That was why, from the moment they met, she had been torn between attraction and a barely concealed hostility. She had maintained a strict control on her physical response to him, because she dared not allow that to blind her to the fact that she might be repe-

have said, 'Thank you darling,' taken you in my arms and kissed you. I'm sorry if my reaction is disappointing, but I want to know the reason for this about face."

"Are my reasons important?"

"Yes."

She said, "I've been thinking."

"And?"

"I promised to tell you about my family — my father. You see I remembered him as a drunkard, a bully, a no-good womanising wife-beater. And...and I was afraid, you see, that you were like him."

"Good God!"

"I could see you were a strong, decisive sort of person — even dominant at times..."

"I never wanted to dominate you."

"I know that. Although you have once or twice snapped orders at me."

"Which you duly ignored."

"Yes. And you didn't shout at me for it."

"So you realised I wasn't like your father, after all?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you have. I have a feeling you needed to get it out of your system. And it helps me to understand you."

"Understanding is important in a marriage," she said.

"I think so." He took her hands in his, "I didn't do it properly before, but for what it's worth, if you really mean it when you said you would marry me..."

"I meant it."

"Then thank you darling."

He raised her hand and kissed the palm, then moved closer to kiss her mouth. Her unexpectedly warm response took him by surprise. He drew back momentarily, looking into her face. Embarrassed at her surrender, a new kind of emotion to her, she made to wriggle away, but Bret said forcefully.

"No, you don't!" And he pulled her fully into his arms.

Concluded

Mills and Boon books are available at all leading book shops and the MacMillan Company of India Limited.

THE TROUBLED AND UNHAPPY PERIOD IS OVER FOR CLEM, WHO AT LAST ACKNOWLEDGES THE TRUE DESIRE OF HER HEART AND FINDS HAPPINESS WITH THE MAN SHE LOVES

left hand and pushed the ring on her finger.

"Thank you," she said huskily.

"For what?"

"For...still wanting me."

Puzzled, he gave a small laugh. "I don't think I follow you."

"I haven't been making things easy lately," she said.

Carefully he said, "No, you haven't. That's why I wanted to talk to you today, if it's something I've done..."

Clem shook her head. "No. You see, I thought that Vanessa and you were...well, that I might have come between you two." For a long moment he said nothing. Then: "But you don't think so now?"

"No, I talked to Vanessa yesterday and she told me about your friendship."

"I see. You might have asked me."

"I know. I'm sorry."

"Perhaps you didn't trust me to tell you the truth?"

"It wasn't that," she sighed.

"What then?"

She was not ready to answer that yet. Partly it had been cowardice, fear of finding out what she really preferred not to know. A device to conceal even from herself the real reason why she was keeping Bret at bay — a subconscious fear of the dominating male. A man like her father. Yesterday she had come to realise that her hesitancy in accepting Bret had little to do with an unresolved relationship between him and Vanessa. The truth was that she was afraid — afraid of his naturally dominant nature, of how he might react if his wishes were flouted, his authority challenged.

ating the same mistake her mother made.

She was afraid of marrying Bret.

In retrospect, she analysed all these thoughts after he had left for Auckland. On Monday she came to a decision. She spoke to Mrs. Nelson and then got ready to drive to Auckland. She found a cool summer silk-knit dress with a wide scooped neckline and wound a scarf, apparently carelessly, round her neck to hide the little circle of purpled flesh where Bret had bitten her.

When Bret, answering the insistent bell at his flat that evening, opened the door to her, she was looking coolly elegant and sophisticated. "This is a surprise!" said Bret, watching her with faint speculation.

"I came to tell you that if you still want it, I'm ready to marry you."

His reaction to that was totally unexpected.

"Why?" he asked.

Stunned, she turned to him and echoed, "Why?"

He said firmly, "Why now?"

"Because you asked me," she said wildly. "Because I'm wearing your ring...unless of course you've changed your mind? Of course, if you don't want to..."

Bret took her firmly by the shoulders. "Shut up," he said. "Of course, I haven't changed my mind, you idiot girl! But I know damn well I wasn't popular the last time I saw you and now all of a sudden, you want to marry me."

"Look at me!" he shouted, as she averted her eyes.

Clem raised her eyes warily and he went on. "I suppose I'm doing this all wrong. I should





With Dulux you'll run out of walls long before you run out of paint

Because just a little spreads a lot more

It's true.

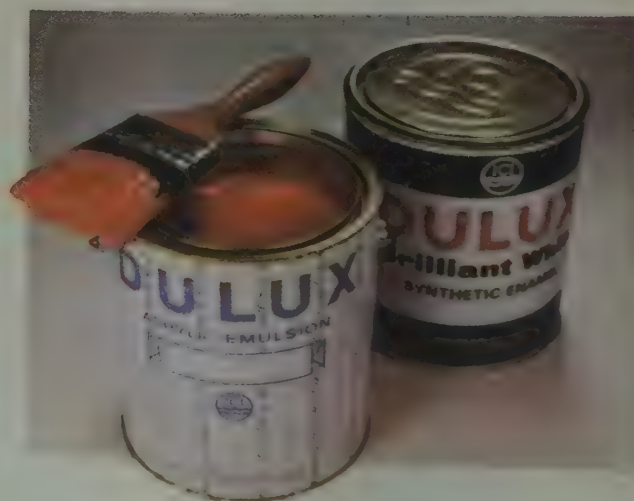
And to prove it, Dulux's coverage was tested in the ACCI Paints Laboratory against that of three other brands.

Four boards of equal area were prepared in an absolutely identical manner to receive coats of the three other brands and Dulux.

What happened is interesting.

To cover the same area with equal opacity, the three other brands needed to be applied in far greater quantity—while only a minimal amount of Dulux did the job. Covering the surface of the board with a smooth, even finish.

Proof that Dulux covers more square metres with every litre—flawlessly. Proof that Dulux gives you greater economy right from the start.



Dulux paints. Now and for years ahead

'DULUX'—made and marketed in India by The Alkali and Chemical Corporation of India Limited.

The ICI roundel and 'Dulux' are registered trade marks of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., London. Licenced users: The Alkali and Chemical Corporation of India Limited.

FLUFFY, PUFFY OMELETTES!

Premila Lal

The egg is considered the most versatile food and an inexpensive way to step up the protein required by the human body. It can be transformed into a number of delicious dishes — the most popular and common being the omelette. There are two basic kinds of omelette — the French and the Souffle omelette. A thick pan and good whisking are essential for a fluffy, puffy omelette. It is ideal when individually made, for it can be done to suit different tastes with varied fillings, and is also the best way to use up leftovers.

CHEESE SOUFFLE OMELETTE

6 eggs
60 grams unsalted butter
210 grams double cream
Salt and black pepper to taste
6 dtsp. cold water
60 grams cheese, grated
60 grams butter

Heat a frying pan over lowest possible heat. Make sauce by melting 60 grams of unsalted butter in a small thick pan. When thoroughly melted and edges begin to bubble, work in the cheese and stir until smooth. Be careful with this sauce; it is



tricky and like most sauces needs your full attention. When cheese melts and if butter separates a little and creates an oily fringe, add a little of the cream and stir. Gradually add the rest of the cream stirring all the time to achieve the essential smooth, creamy texture. When the sauce is piping hot, just give a small pinch of salt and a small pinch of freshly milled black pepper-corns. Stir again and if it shows any tendency to be even slightly lumpy, rub it through a sieve, return it to the pan and stand in a shallow pan of hot but not boiling water.

Separate the eggs, beat the yolks with a fork, add the given water gradually and the seasoning of salt and pepper. Whip up egg whites till stiff. Beat the egg yolk mixture into the whites using a plastic spatula or flattish wooden spoon. Toss the extra 60 grams butter into the hot omelette pan, raise the heat only fractionally and when butter melts turn in all the egg mixture, level the rim of the pan. Keep easing away the edges with a lightly oiled metal spatula or slice until the base is set but is still an uncooked foam. Then place at low grill position under a grill at full heat to allow the top to turn golden. Turn over in half circle in the pan, level off any little oozings, then invert onto a heated dish. Pour the hot creamy sauce over the top and brown under full grill, close to the heat, until the top bubbles and browns. Serve immediately.

TOMATO OMELETTE

400 gram tomatoes
200 grams gram flour
100 grams wheat flour
25 grams green chillis
50 grams coriander leaves
1 tbsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. sesame seeds
25 grams sugar
Salt and pepper to taste
1/4 tsp. turmeric powder

Chop the tomatoes and boil over low heat until a puree is formed. Then place in a thin muslin and squeeze out the tomato puree. Mix the sugar in the tomato puree, and boil. Remove from fire and leave to cool. Add gram and wheat flour, salt, chilli powder, turmeric, pepper, finely chopped green chillis and coriander. Mix thoroughly to form a batter. Heat some ghee in a frying pan. Add the batter until it spreads evenly. Fry on both sides over low heat. Serve with tomato sauce.

SWEDISH OMELETTE

3 eggs
1/2 tsp. salt
3 heaped tps. flour
2 cups milk

FOR THE SAUCE:

1/2 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour
1 cup milk
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup prawns

Beat the eggs with the flour. Add salt to taste. Add the milk and mix well. Grease a fireproof dish and pour in the mixture. Bake in a hot oven till brown on top. Prepare a white sauce with the milk and flour, add salt and pepper to taste. Shell and boil the prawns and add to the sauce. When the omelette is ready spread the white sauce on and place it back in the oven for a short while. Sprinkle a little grated cheese and serve. Vegetables, asparagus, mushrooms or any other seafood may be used instead of prawns.

MARMALADE OMELETTE

2 eggs
1 tbsp. milk
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. marmalade

Melt the butter in a pan and pour in the egg milk mixture. Cook over low heat. When set, spread a spoonful of marmalade in the centre and fold the omelette in half. Put a little marmalade on top and serve.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

KANNADA — 3

In response to
request from readers, we now give you
equivalent terms in various
languages, to clip and keep for your record.

VEGETABLES (contd.)

Turnip — Navilkosu
Pumpkin — Kumblekai
Spring onions — Hasi neerulli
Tomato — Tomato
White gourd — Haalu kumblekai
Ash Pumpkin — Boodi kumblekai
Cluster Beans — Chaulikai
Corn — Jola
Green chillis — Hasi menasu
Lotus Stems — Kamalada dantu
Sweet Potatoes — Genasu
Mustard leaves — Sasive ele
Sour greens — Huli soppu
Bottle Gourd — Soorekai
Jackfruit — Halasina hannu

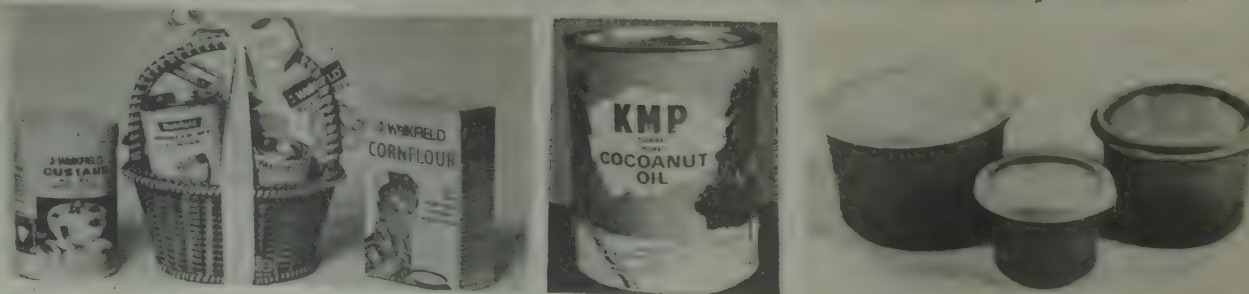
HERBS AND GREEN SPICES

Coriander — Kothambri
Garlic — Bellulli
Ginger — Shoonti
Mint — Pudina
Curry leaves — Karibevu soppu

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize.

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) a Gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A 1000 ml. pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LTD., Cochin.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

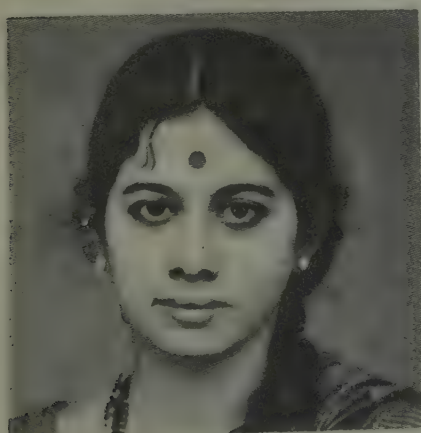


Saroja Kumarasamy, Bangalore.

GINGER CHICKEN CHOPS

- 1 kg chicken
- 2 pieces ginger
- 2 cloves garlic
- 2 tbsps. poppy seeds
- 5 onions
- 1 tbsp. aniseeds
- 2 pieces cinnamon
- 4 tbsps. gingelly oil
- Salt to taste

Clean and cut the chicken into big pieces. Chop the onions into small pieces. Grind the ginger, garlic, poppy seeds and aniseeds into a smooth paste. Then smear the masala paste over the chicken pieces. Heat the oil in a sauce pan. Put in the cinnamon and the chopped onion. Fry for a while. Add the chicken pieces and the required quantity of water and salt. Keep boiling till the water evaporates. Serve with rice or chappati.



Mrs. Sobha Baliga, Bangalore.

GRANDMA'S MUTTON CURRY

- 1 kg mutton
- 2 large tomatoes, sliced
- 1 onion, sliced

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- 6-7 cloves
- 1" cinnamon
- 1 tbsp. poppy seeds
- 4 giant cloves
- 1 tsp. shahjeera
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- 1 or 2 cardomoms
- 1½ tbsps. coriander seeds
- 7-8 peppercorns

- 6 green chillis
- 10 kashmiri chillis
- 10 cloves garlic
- 3-10 cashewnuts (optional)
- ¾" piece turmeric
- 1½" long green ginger
- 1 tbsp. (level) Bengal gram, fried in ghee
- 2 large onions, sliced
- A few mint leaves
- A bunch of coriander leaves
- ¾ coconut, scraped
- Salt to taste

Cut the mutton into medium size bits, wash and clean well.

Fry the sliced onion in ghee to a golden brown. Add the ground

masala and fry well till the ghee separates from the masala.

Now add the mutton pieces, sliced tomatoes, salt to taste and masala water just enough to cover the mutton pieces. Cook under pressure for 20-25 minutes. Serve hot with boiled rice, bread or chappaties.



Mrs. Jennifer Thorpe, Madras.

CORN BREAD

- ¾ cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- ¾ tsp. salt
- 1 cup yellow corn, granulated
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tbsp. baking powder
- 1 tbsp. melted butter
- 1½ cups milk

Sift corn, flour, baking powder and salt together. Mix sugar with the beaten eggs and stir in corn and flour mixture. Add melted butter and milk. Beat quickly to avoid any lump formation. Pour into a large, shallow, buttered pan. Bake in very hot oven until the top is golden brown. Cut into squares.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

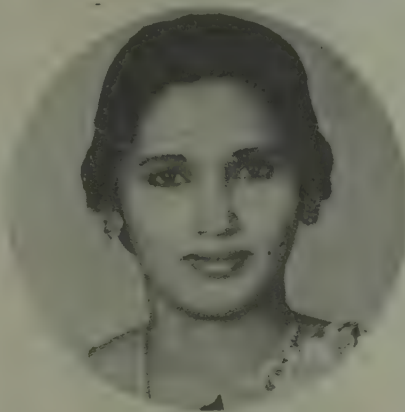
Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

WEEKLY WINNER

UMMI ABDULLA, Madras.



Mrs. Abdulla wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

ENVELOPE APPAM

- 1½ cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tbsps. cashewnuts
- 1 tsp. rose water
- ½ cup milk
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- A pinch of cardamom
- 5 eggs
- 2 tbsps. raisins
- ½ cup water
- Salt to taste

Make a thin batter with flour, one egg and milk. Add salt to taste and little water if necessary. Beat the remaining four eggs with half cup of sugar. Heat one teaspoon ghee in a saucepan. Add the beaten eggs and

scramble them well. Remove from the fire. Add half of the cashewnuts, raisins and cardamom powder. Keep aside.

Heat a tava. Make a small pancake about 6 cm in diameter. Dot with ghee and turn over. When done remove onto a plate. Put little of the egg filling in the middle of the pancake and fold to form an envelope. Keep aside in a plate. Make a second pancake bigger than the first one. It should be big enough to cover the first filled pancake. When cooked, remove onto another plate with some filling in the centre. Keep the first folded pancake on the second filling and fold the four edges as you did the first one. Seal the edges with a little batter and keep it on the tava with sealed edges down. Firmly press. Remove. Now make a third pancake bigger than the second and proceed as before. Similarly make two more envelope appams. Make a thin sugar syrup. Sprinkle rose water. Place all the envelope appams in a big soup plate and pour the syrup over. Garnish with raisins and cashewnuts.

BOTI SEEKHS

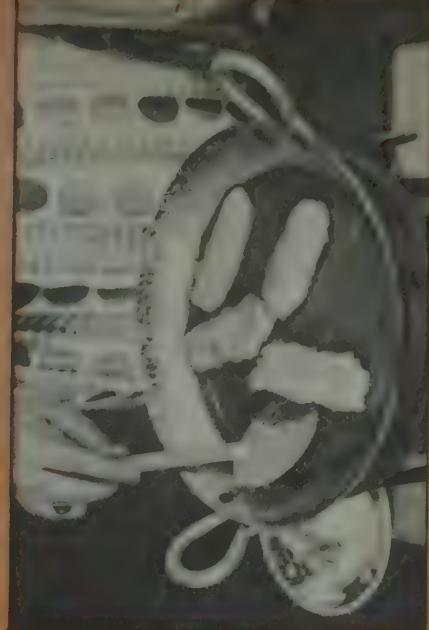
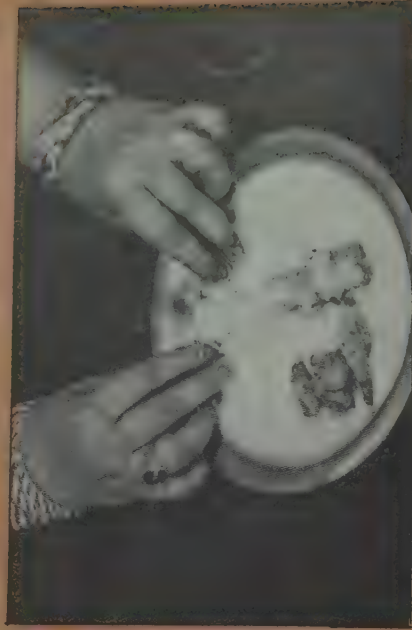


A tasty cocktail snack to serve your guests this week-end.
MUMTAZ RAHIMTOOLA shows you the quick and easy way in just four steps.

1 kg meat; salt to taste; 1 tsp. each ground ginger, garlic and red chillis; oil for frying; dry bread-crumbs; 2 beaten eggs; 4" sticks to skewer the meat pieces.

Cut the meat into cubes. Boil with salt and the ground garlic, ginger and red chillis till the water dries up.

1. Skewer the meat pieces on to the sticks.
2. Press well into breadcrumbs, shaking off the surplus.
3. Dip into the well beaten eggs.
4. Fry in hot ghee till golden brown. Drain on an absorbent paper. Serve hot.



"I want to die, I want to die, I don't want to live now. Who is there to take care of me now that I am ill and unable to move about? Let me die here on the road," whispered poor old Kannamma. I would never have accepted the veracity of this story if we had heard a third person narrate it. But I participated in the drama myself and so can vouch for its truth.

A sense of security, especially when infirm, is a must for the aged. When all the savings are exhausted on the upbringing of the offspring, the parents must have the confidence that their sons will take care of them in old age and illness. To be abandoned like old horses and cattle when their ability to work and earn and so their usefulness is over, to be left alone to die when their children can afford to look after them, is perhaps a fate worse than death.

Raghu, the only son of his aged parents, earned fairly well and had only one daughter. But his wife Pattu thought that her aged parents-in-law, Kannan and Kannamma were demanding too much of her attention in spite of her constantly snubbing them. They had nowhere else to go. Now that Pattu's own daughter was married and expecting her first baby, there would be a lot of work in the house. So she had the father-in-law thrown out first, forcing her spineless husband to do so, as he was not earning any income.

The son would give his father a rupee or two daily on his way from work. The old man, Kannan, had parked himself on the steps of a shop just in front of our house. Some time later, when the poor old Kannamma had diarrhoea, Pattu literally pushed her out of the house. "Go and die anywhere, I can't take care of you. Who can wash all your stinking clothes? Get out! Get out!" she had screamed at her mother-in-law. Raghu, of course took his wife's side and said, "You go away anywhere. What can I do if she feels like that?"

So in tears and in pain, old Kannamma heaved herself to the bridge over the Adyar River and tried to jump into it and end her life.

DISCARDED AT SEVENTY

Parvathi V. Menon

But my maidservant and her friend, who were on their way to the market, caught hold of her. They consoled her, helped her over to the nearest hospital where of course she was refused admission. So they had to leave her at the gate and return home to their children and meals. The next morning found the old woman huddled up like a small heap of dirty clothes on the steps of the shop opposite our house, where her old husband also usually sits, so that he can catch a glimpse of his son on his way to and from work, and perhaps get a rupee for the day's food. Where else could the old woman drag herself to in her

who would take her to the hospital, and get her admitted? So he came home and took her a bottle of water and a glass, and asked her old husband Kannan to keep on giving her sips of water.

Later, I sent her some weak sugary tea and lots of water with sugar and salt to see her through the night. Although at first she refused to drink the tea, on second thoughts, she sipped it slowly. Generally folks think that not a drop of water should be drunk whenever there is any loose motion. Perhaps this false notion accounts for the large percentage of infantile mortality due to dehydration.

HER SENSE OF SECURITY COLLAPSED WHEN HER ONLY SON ABANDONED HER ON THE ROAD HOPING SHE WOULD DIE QUICKLY

miserable state of health, except to the spot where her destitute husband passed his days?

They had no other offspring from whom they could expect succour. Their other relatives too were not keen on taking the old couple into their household. They had their own problems and in any case when they had a son, why should they take the responsibility.

Because of her diarrhoea the old woman attracted the usual mindless, curious crowd. My son, a final year student of medicine, and a very conscientious young man, pushed his way through the crowd and dispersed them shouting at the onlookers. Then he examined her. He noticed that her pulse was very weak, and due to the perpetual purging she had become extremely weak. She needed water urgently, preferably a drip. But

Even Kannan, the old man, came and told me that his wife was still purging due to the frequent sips of water! It was so difficult to make him understand that the water was responsible for her survival. My son gave her some tablets which she took.

Then I sent her a big plate of arrowroot kanjee which is extremely good for stomach disorders. I had added a few spoons of sugar and a dash of salt, as advised by doctors. Kannamma's health slowly improved in spite of the negligence.

Meanwhile, I had enquired of a couple of friends who do a lot of social service where I could arrange to get Kannamma admitted so that she would get proper care and nourishing food. I sent word to her son that if she were left on the road in this condition I would get her admitted into some destitute home as that was

the only way to save her life.

As popular opinion was mounting against the son's callous attitude, he tried to reason out with his wife, "Look at the way everyone is laughing at me, can't you at least let her come in and lie down in the verandah?"

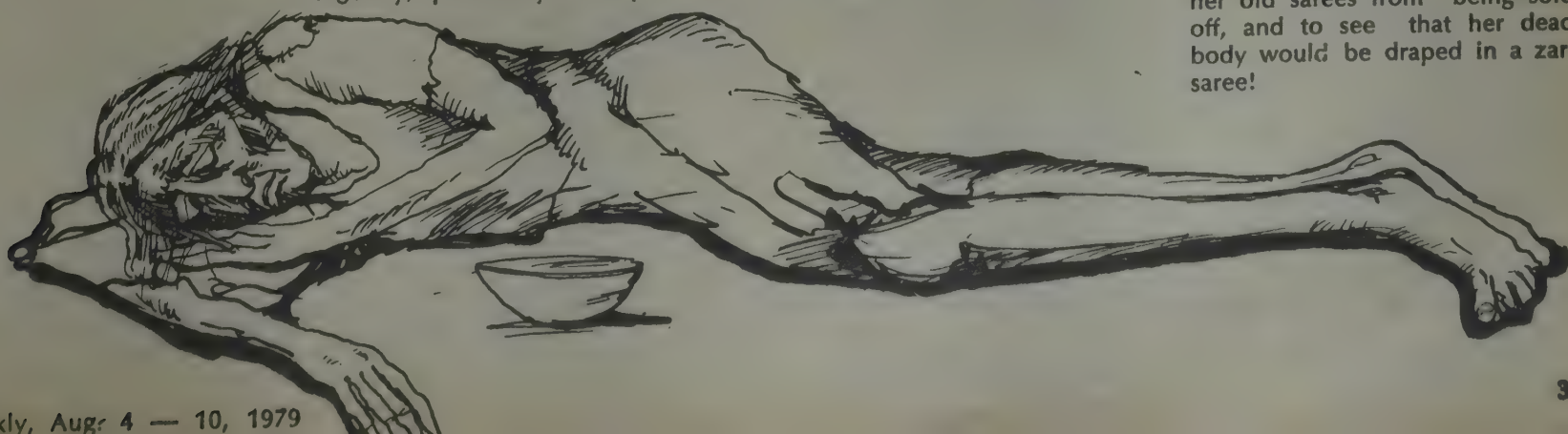
"Nothing doing," replied the obstinate wife, "Who's going to look after her? Clean her up? I don't have the time, nor the strength."

Finally, when they heard that I was making arrangements for the old woman to be sent to a poor home, the husband and the people of the locality agreed to the idea. But this set the son and wife thinking. If the old woman died in the poor home, the son would not be able to go and claim the body for the last rites at that juncture, as she was supposed to have been a destitute. If he did not perform the last rites he was frightened of the effects of his action on his own future. The neighbours would never spare him nor give him a moment's peace. At every opportunity they would throw it in his face that he had not performed his mother's last rites.

Somehow people are not quite so worried about a son taking care of his parents while they are alive; they are only concerned about them after death!

Anyway, Raghu and Pattu were spurred into some action. They quietly persuaded the old woman to hand over to them her tiny gold nose ring and the thaali, the gold emblem of a married woman, which is usually removed only when the husband dies, or when she herself dies. She readily gave these to them so that they would do something in return for her, and at least save her from the shame and misery of having to lie on the road and die like a beggar when she had lived well in her happier days. Then the son and his wife promptly sent for a taxi and took her and got her admitted in a hospital, putting an end to the roadside tragedy.

Kannamma went away happily, clutching the few rupees I had given her, blessing us profusely and giving final instructions to my maidservant to take care of her old sarees from being sold off, and to see that her dead body would be draped in a zari saree!



CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

A Bombay daily recently carried a reader's indignant protest against hawkers being allowed outside schools. Because the school authorities permitted this, he wrote, his little nephew and a friend had been taken seriously ill, after eating something purchased from a hawker near the school premises. This is one example of the hazards children face as consumers. Here is another. Small children who are constantly exposed to advertising films and jingles on T.V. and radio take these as self-evident truths. A doctor friend recounted the other day how his young son chirped, "Daddy, if you are so tired why don't you take—?" naming a well-known and expensive glucose product advertised for "instant energy".

Children are highly vulnerable as consumers because they are innocent, wide open to suggestion and compulsive imitators of everything their friends or the objects of their admiration such as athletes and filmstars do. In other words, they are just like adults, only more so, as in their case desire has not been blunted by experience. Children therefore require protection as consumers even more than adults do.

Such protection has to start even before birth, for the child in the womb is an unconscious and passive recipient of everything, good or bad, that his mother ingests. The notorious Thalidomide case is the classic example of the hazards the foetus can face from certain products. Thalidomide administered to pregnant women for morning sickness in the first three months of pregnancy interfered with the normal development of the limbs of the foetus. Children were born with rudimentary limbs on normal trunks.

Recently, hormonal pregnancy tests have been banned in Western countries and in Singapore as they are suspected to cause malformation of the child in the womb. In India these hormonal pregnancy tests are still in use. Dr. Shanta Rao, Director of the Institute for Research in Reproduction, Bombay, and a noted authority on human reproduction, has, on behalf of the Consumer Guidance Society of India, requested the Indian Coun-

cil of Medical Research to demand a ban on the use of these pregnancy tests. We are not aware if any action has been taken. Meanwhile many doctors may not know of the possible hazards of these tests.

What is worse, women may take the preparation without prescription because a friend has told them that it can prove conclusively whether they are pregnant or not. To get the formulation is easy because in India most druggists will sell even schedule H drugs without prescription if the buyer is known to them or if he mentions the name of a doctor who is supposed to have given the prescription.

Self-medication is dangerous

at all times but more so for the expectant mother as it may harm the baby. The child in the womb also needs protection from alcohol, nicotine and drugs. The mother who smokes heavily, drinks excessively or uses aspirin and other drugs indiscriminately harms both herself and her child.

THE NEW-BORN

Once the baby is born, its needs as a consumer increase. It requires food, clothes, bedding, diapers, toys, medicines, and a variety of other things. The primary need is proper feeding. Child specialists all agree that a baby must be breastfed at least for the first three months and preferably longer for the best start in life. Breast milk is the

ideal food for a baby.

In addition, the baby gets from the breast milk immunity to certain diseases which the mother may have. It also gets an emotional satisfaction and security from the close physical contact with the mother that it can never get from a bottle. The mother benefits too from this natural and normal process. Her uterus contracts rhythmically as the baby sucks and this helps it to return to normal faster.

There is now a worldwide movement away from the bottle back to the breast as the best method of infant feeding, in view of the incalculable harm that bottle-feeding has done and continues to do among uneducated and poor mothers, who have neither the money nor the facilities for safe bottle feeding. When there is not even a rudimentary knowledge of hygiene, no running water for washing and boiling bottles, putting a baby on the bottle virtually becomes a sentence of death by infection. Besides, artificial feeding becomes so expensive for low income mothers that they tend to dilute the baby food to make it go farther.

Semi-starvation, coupled with infection, are the result of bottle feeding among the poor. Yet the mother, dazzled by advertisements of bouncing babies shown with proud mothers and smiling doctors, thinks she is doing the best for her baby and wonders what has gone wrong. Promotion of baby foods does not stop with advertisements and baby care programmes. Free tins of milk food, free gifts with the tins, visits by 'nurses' engaged by the manufacturing company are some of the methods used to persuade the mothers to switch to baby food.

The 'nurses' may play upon the fear that the baby is not getting enough milk and suggest switching to bottlefeeds. To counteract such promotional methods, in some developing countries, notably Penang and Singapore, mothers have formed Breast Feeding Mothers' groups to promote breast feeding, help each other, and even donate breast milk to babies who need it badly.

THE CHILD IS A CONSUMER TOO

Krishna Basrur



A consumer education exhibit prepared by the students of Fort Convent, Bombay.

Another hazard against which mothers should be warned is the cosmetic 'surma' used for the eyes in the belief that it is beneficial. Following reports that surma had been found to cause lead poisoning in Indian and Pakistani children in the U.K., C.G.S.I. had samples of the following brands tested qualitatively for lead:

- (1) Hasham Manji Padamsi
- (2) "
- (3) Har Mains
- (4) Datu Manji Padamsi
- (5) "
- (6) Arjan
- (7) Bhimseni Surma.

All of these showed the presence of substantial quantities of lead. The experiment was repeated with eight more brands which were tested quantitatively this time. The results are given below.

Brand of Manufacture	Lead content
1) Roushni (Special)	nil
2) Hyatun Nazar	85.7
3) Khojati Surma (Uncha Black)	67.8
4) Khojati Surma (No. 24)	36.8
5) Khojati Surma (No. 13)	57.10
6) Khojati Surma (extra Special)	28.7
7) Har mains Yellow (Box)	54.00
8) Har mains Green (Box)	42.6

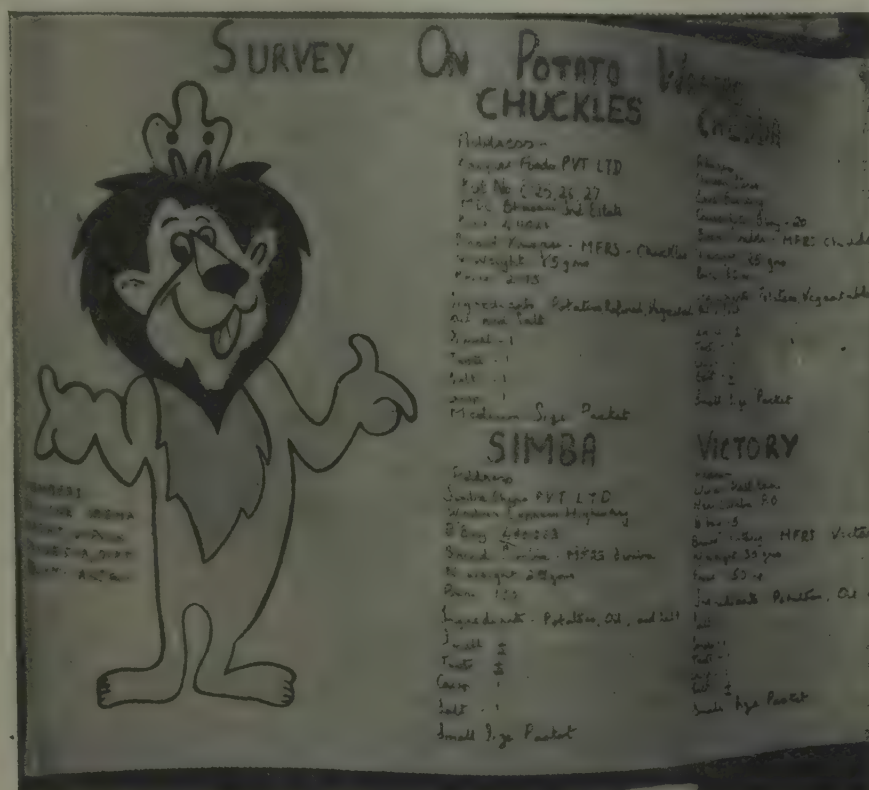
Only one of the brands tested was free from the hazardous metal. One wonders how many infants, children and women must be currently suffering from lead poisoning. Mothers whose children have been using surma would do well to have them checked for anaemia and other symptoms of lead poisoning. If lead is absorbed in the bone marrow it can cause severe anaemia, nervous paralysis, physical and mental retardation and other

complications.

CGSI has demanded immediate investigation and action by the Drugs Controller at the Centre and the various State Drugs Controllers to remove from the market all surma brands containing lead. We are still awaiting action. Meanwhile poisonous brands of surma continue to be sold to innocent consumers.

TOY SAFETY

Children must have toys for



as a consumer in his own right thrilled to be spending his pocket money on things of his own choice. Unfortunately, he can and often does choose wrongly ending up with a mild stomach upset — if he is lucky — or with a serious illness like jaundice, if he is not. A C.G.S.I. test on 'sherbats' sold outside municipal schools revealed that 90 per cent of the samples contained prohibited sweeteners and colours.

But school going children face other hazards besides adulterated foods and drinks. Because they are impressionable, some manufacturers tend to exploit children by using them to promote their products. Children may be exposed to a barrage of advertising and sales promotion.

Mothers have complained to C.G.S.I. regarding free distribution of a particular brand of glucose tablets to children. Induced by the free samples the children try to force their parents to buy the product. Glucose may be assimilated a little faster than sugar, but the brand referred to above costs about five times more than sugar. Besides, heavily sweetened drinks between meals can be bad for the child's teeth and spoil his appetite for wholesome food at meal times.

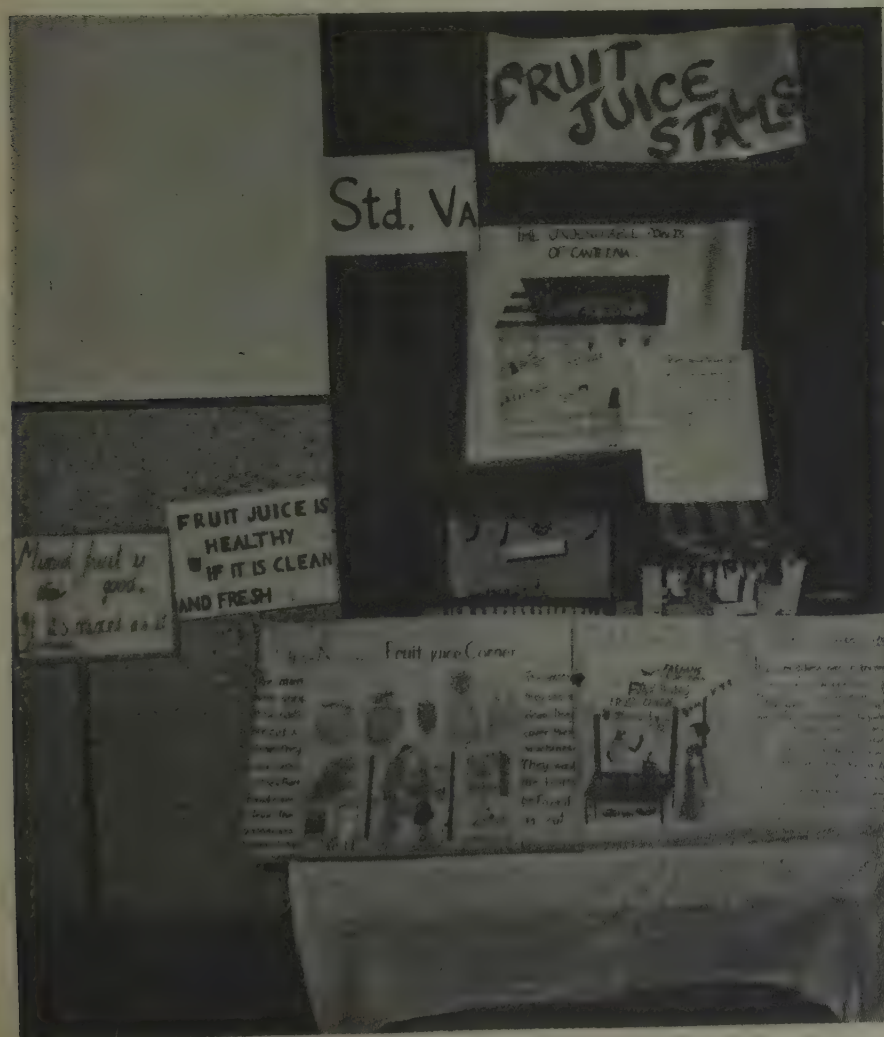
Aerated drinks are also poor value for money. One may pay as much as Rs. 1.50 for mere sweetened, synthetically-flavoured aerated water. A glass of lime juice or a bottle of sterilised milk is much better value for the money. Thoughtful parents can make children understand these facts with some gentle guidance.

What about those other heavily promoted products, the so called health foods like Horlicks, Bournvita, Boost, etc.? These foods are constantly promoted over the mass media as health foods, which give children extra energy and strength. Sometimes they are advertised as "recommended by doctor". These foods may be nourishing, but you can get all the nourishment you need for your children at a fraction of the price from milk, dals, pulses and vegetables — your daily food.

Unfortunately, so strong is the effect of advertising that a survey carried out by the Protein Food Association of India in 1972 showed that more children in the income group of less than Rs. 250 a month are given these health foods, than children in higher income groups. The mothers, dazzled by the pictures of children bursting with health, spend a considerable part of their income, sacrificing other needs, to buy these expensive foods for their children.

ABOVE: An appetite depressant? A survey on potato chips by Fort Convent students.

LEFT: The students conducted a study of fruit juice stalls in Bombay.



their mental and physical development, but toys chosen carelessly can be hazardous and have caused serious accidents. Cute, cuddly toys may have eye buttons fastened with sharp metal nails or pins which an energetic two-year-old can pull out in two minutes flat. Eyes should be firmly sewn on. Cheap and brittle plastic toys which easily break into sharp pieces, small whistles and buttons on toys which can be pulled out and swallowed are some other things to beware of. Another hazard is lead or arsenic in painted toys which may be sucked by a child. Toy manufacturers should be required to guarantee that the paints used do not contain poisonous metals.

THE SCHOOL-GOING CHILD

As a child reaches the school going age, he begins to function

If you do, you'll be missing two exciting 7-day package tours that'll take you around Tamil Nadu and South India.

Each an experience by itself. Each revealing a new facet of South India like never before.

Every Saturday at 0700 hrs from Madras. The beginning of an unforgettable experience for you.

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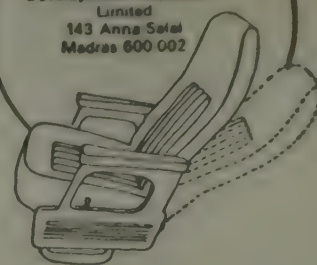
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BLEACHING FACIAL HAIR

I have a growth of hair on both sides of my face. I want to bleach it, how is this done? Will waxing remove hair permanently?

P.D. (Calcutta)

To lighten facial hair: Take two teaspoons of hydrogen peroxide (20 vol.) and add about four drops of ammonia to it. To this mix bleaching powder to make a paste. With a wooden spatula apply the paste on the growth of hair. Leave for ten minutes. Do this twice and you will see your hair turn a golden shade. Make sure to wash the area well when you have finished. After a couple of weeks when your hair becomes dark again, repeat the treatment.

Hot or cold wax will remove hair from roots and further growth will be delayed, but it is not a permanent method of removing hair. Try waxing at a beauty

TRY THESE STYLES



parlour before you attempt it at home.

Electrolysis is the only permanent method of removing hair, but the treatment is time-consuming and quite expensive.

WRINKLES ON NECK

I have fine lines on my neck, also the skin on that area is dull looking. Please suggest a home remedy for my problem. I am 27.

B. G. (Jaipur)

Mix equal parts of white of an egg, rose water and glycerine and blend well to form a paste. Apply this on the neck area and leave it on for about 15 minutes. When dry rinse with lukewarm water. Do it regularly till you find an improvement.

Try this suggestion for bleaching your neck. Cut a lemon in half and rub on the neck area for a few minutes. When the juice of lemon dries up, rinse well.

SUITABLE HAIRSTYLE

My face is pear-shaped. I tie my hair in a pony tail which makes my face look hard. What

hairstyle would suit me? I want to keep my hair short.

A. B. (Hyderabad)

Your face is wide at the jawline and narrow at the top, so if you tie your hair in a ponytail, the narrowness will be further accentuated. You need fullness at the crown and the temples and a perm would be the best solution.

A short, full hairstyle with hair cut above the jawline is a good idea. Try both and see which one you prefer.

LINES UNDER EYES

I am 21 and have a smooth complexion, but now I have developed fine lines under my eyes. I don't use any creams or lotions on my face, so please suggest a home remedy to remove these lines.

F.V. (Bangalore)

Add a teaspoon of honey or olive oil to the white of an egg. Mix well. Apply this on the lined parts and leave it for about 10 minutes. Then wash gently with cottonwool soaked in warm water. Do this for a couple of weeks till you find improvement.

THE CHILD IS A CONSUMER TOO

Mothers must understand that a child can get all the vital nourishment it needs from balanced meals of natural foods. You do not need expensive health foods which at current prices can only be afforded by the rich who do not need them any way.

For want of space, only a few of the ways in which a child may be endangered or exploited as a consumer have been given here. The observant consumer can find many more for herself. How can children's rights as consumers be protected? There are no easy answers to this question. Danger lurks in adulterated food, spurious drugs and baby tonics, in preparations like surma, in hazardous toys, in misleading advertisements, in extravagant claims for products which are not what they claim to be or are at best, expensive alternatives to natural foods.

However hard mothers may work to give children attractive, home made drinks and snacks or fight in their P.T.A.s for good school canteens as an alternative to dubious street food, children

will still want to do what their friends do. The thrill of spending their own money, the novelty of the food, are factors against which it is difficult to fight.

The lasting solution lies in consumer education and guidance both at home and at school. The budding intelligence of the child is receptive to stimulating information, to actual demonstration, to reasons why something had better not be done in place of seemingly unreasonable parental dictates and prohibitions.

Babies can be protected by the mother, but once children are old enough to leave the house, they require the built-in protection which only consumer education can give. Such education can be made real and fascinating by actual visits to the bazaar to study and observe, by testing, seeing, measuring, weighing, tasting and comparing.

One look through a school microscope at the organisms and matter present in a drop of dirty water will do more than a hundred lessons to put a child off unboiled water. Making glasses of real fruit juice and synthetic fruit squash and comparing their nutritive contents and prices will be a never forgotten lesson in consumer education.

As a pilot project in consumer education the C.G.S.I. organised vacation consumer projects, exhibitions of these projects and discussion groups in three city schools which were receptive to the idea. The results proved how effective this type of education can be in making children think and choose before buying. Integrated into the school syllabus, this education can both protect children and be a valuable preparation for adult life. Manufacturers try to catch 'em young to inculcate brand loyalties. Shouldn't consumers do the same to protect them from various kinds of exploitation?

It is heartening that the National Council for Education Research and Training (N.C.E.R.T.) is currently devising a syllabus for introduction of consumer education in schools with the assistance of consumer organisations. This will be a major step in the battle for consumer protection which has to be fought on all fronts — in the courts, in the enforcement agencies, in the legislatures and last but not least in our schools and homes.

I. Consumer Guidance Society of India welcomes requests from schools for co-operation in organising vacation projects on consumer topics for students as well as consumer education exhibitions. Write to

The Honorary General Secretary, Consumer Guidance Society of India, Hutment 'J', Mahapalika Marg, opp. Cama Hospital, Bombay 400 001.

II. SMOKING DURING PREGNANCY DOUBLES RISK OF FETAL DEATH.

According to one estimate, about half the fetuses now gestating in the U.S. are spending their prenatal months in "smoke-filled back rooms" — the wombs of pregnant women who continue smoking cigarettes despite all warnings. One recent study of 18,000 births shows that smoking boosts the likelihood of miscarriage, abortion, fetal distress, and premature birth. Low birth weight is four times as common when the mother smokes. The baby of the smoker is shorter, with a smaller head circumference. In another study it was found that the probability of fetal death is about double in the early weeks of gestation if the mother smokes.

Medical World News

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Vital facts about Colds and Flu and how to fight these ailments

*"Anacin is a big help
for quick relief from
the miseries of colds
and flu"*

says Nurse Natalia D'Souza



and sweating. Cough, sore throat, loss
of appetite and fatigue may follow.

Can it lead to complications?

Neglected cases may lead to pneumonia
and infection of the upper respiratory
tract.

How does Anacin help?

Anacin relieves the misery of colds and
flu. Anacin is strong—it contains more
of the pain-reliever doctors most
recommend all over the world. Anacin
is trusted by millions. It is a com-
bination of medicines like a doctor's
trusted prescription. So at the first
signs of cold or flu take Anacin four
times a day.

What else should you do?

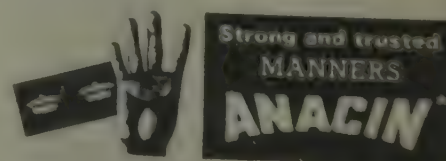
- Drink plenty of fluids, boiled water,
orange or sweet lime juice
- Eat nourishing foods
- Rest adequately
- Gargle with antiseptic or salt water
- Keep rooms properly ventilated

What causes colds and flu?

Air-borne viruses from infected persons
spread colds and flu. Normally, the
body resists these viruses. But over-
exertion or under-nourishment weak-
ens the body and lowers resistance to
infection.

What are the symptoms?

Bodyache, heaviness in the head,
sneezing and a runny nose. Flu is often
accompanied by shivering, discomfort



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TRUE CONFESSION

I have heard of complexes. But by God, Jeet's was the utter limit! He was hounded by a persecution mania of the worst sort which made him imbue the simplest remarks with dreadful connotations. I had been married to him for three years, but he was still unable to adjust to the relationship. He viewed me with awe, as something he had usurped and that he didn't really deserve. I failed to understand this mentality even when I viewed it dispassionately against the backdrop of past memories.

You see, Jeet knew about my marked preference for his elder brother. In fact, if things hadn't turned out as they did, I would have been married to him today. Sometimes I day-dreamed about our carefree courtship days when Jeet's brother Prem and I walked arm in arm, while Jeet himself, the inevitable chaperon, sent along with us to keep tongues from wagging, walked ahead, self-consciously kicking the stones in his path. I did not know those days that he too was attracted to me. He was so young and boyish that I did not invest him with feelings of the emotional kind at all.

He was around when we wanted him, to fetch cold drinks from the vendor or ice-cream cones from the wayside stall, or to prove a quick bulwark between us whenever we encountered anybody who recognised us.

Prem and I were first cousins. If that seems strange to you, maybe you do not know of a custom among certain communities where a marriage between such close blood relations is a marriage claimed by right. My mother and Jeet's father were sister and brother, so everybody considered a marriage between us inevitable. The only thing that deterred mother from proposing it was my youth. I was still in school and she considered it too early to arrange my marriage.

I had completed seventeen years, but would still spend another year and a half in school. My preoccupation with Prem had made me neglect my studies, so for the examination, my mind was a total blank. All I could see was Prem's smile and the grey of his eyes. The result of all this was I flopped ingloriously in the ninth standard for the second year in succession. Mother absolutely forbade me to go romping round the town with my pair of cousins and I spent hours closeted in the bathroom crying my heart out.

Her stern measure had no favourable impact on my studies. In fact, I was in such a turmoil of frustration that I couldn't comprehend a word I read, though I sat glued to my books for hours. But how was I to explain my state of mind to mother? One day I sneaked out while she was preoccupied with the cooking. My father did not stay with us. He had left the house when I was a child and had not returned at all. Some people said he had deserted my mother because he could not live with the shame of losing his job as a direct consequence of an embezzlement which they tried to pin on him.

After he disappeared, the case was unravelled in his favour. But he never came back. Some people said he had committed suicide. Others said he had never got on with my mother in any case and had staged this drama just as an escape. My mother was stoic in her patience and tolerance.

Prem was in college and this was where I repaired now, having decided to make everything clear to him, including the subject of broaching the topic of our marriage to his mother and father. Since my own mother was hesitant about taking the step, it was only proper that the other party should make the first move.

I think Prem was embarrassed to see me. He was with a crowd of his friends who stared curiously at me. I wore knee length skirts and loose blouses in those days and my hair was in two long plaits.

"It's my cousin," I heard him say as he

detached himself from the group to come and talk to me.

When he had come closer, he said under his breath so that only I could hear. "Why have you come here?" I was so upset at his surly tone when I had expected sympathy and understanding that I burst into tears. This embarrassed him even more.

I couldn't utter a word. I just stood there dying of love for him and making a tearful wreck of myself.

"Go home!" he said. "I will come there later."

I turned and ran misty-eyed all the way home. Mother was in a frenzy of anxiety. Maybe she had hunted everywhere for me. Perhaps she had imagined I had gone out of her life like my father, never to return. Her eyes were red, whether from the kitchen smoke or tears, I did not know.

I MARRIED THE BROTHER OF THE MAN I LOVED



Seeing me now, her anxiety turned quickly into anger. "Where were you?" she shouted. I was panting for breath on account of my run.

"Have you no shame? You are a girl, remember that; and young girls must behave in a modest manner. They shouldn't go throwing themselves at any male they fancy."

"Prem is not any male," I cried hotly. "He is my cousin."

"Then it's much worse," she retorted. "What will people say? What will society think?"

"Nothing," I said. "They have better things to do than concern themselves about petty individuals like us. Father went away and what happened? Nobody said anything, did they?"

It was the first time I had dared to be volatile about him in her presence. She slapped me. When I felt the sting, I knew how much she missed him, how she resented my opening old wounds. The next minute she burst into tears. I felt sorry for her then. She had suffered a lot, not enjoyed married life in her prime, been constrained to slog for me...and I was proving such scant solace.

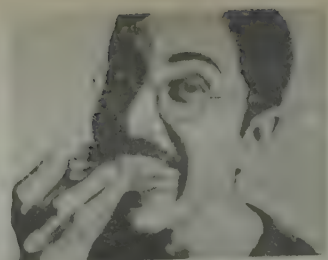
"Mother," I said softly. She went on crying. "Please stop it, mother. I promise to behave." She stopped crying and held me to her bosom with a fierce and possessive pressure. When Prem came in the evening I was distant with him. I stood and talked, not asking him to sit down. I was paying him back for the way he had treated me in front of his friends.

When he left, nothing was decided about our future and I felt afraid that I would miss him.

That night I couldn't sleep. I kept tossing and turning in a turmoil of indecision. I was a girl. I could not go and broach the matter to his parents. Mother had to do that, but she was not prepared to take the initiative. I wanted to speak my mind to Prem, but was



On toasts



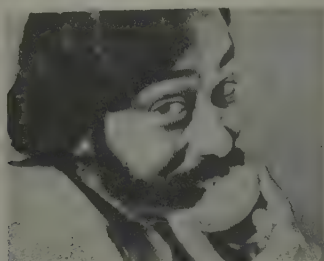
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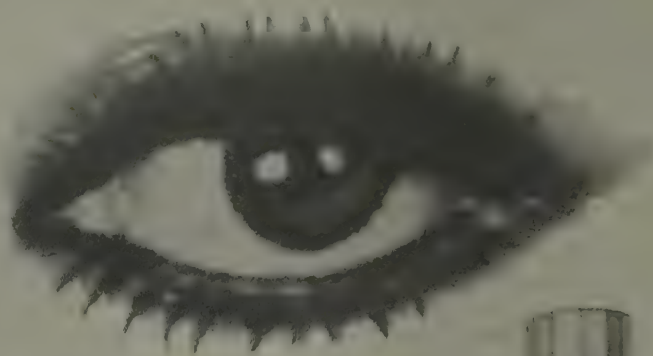
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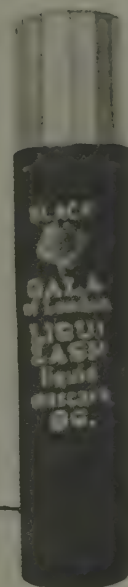
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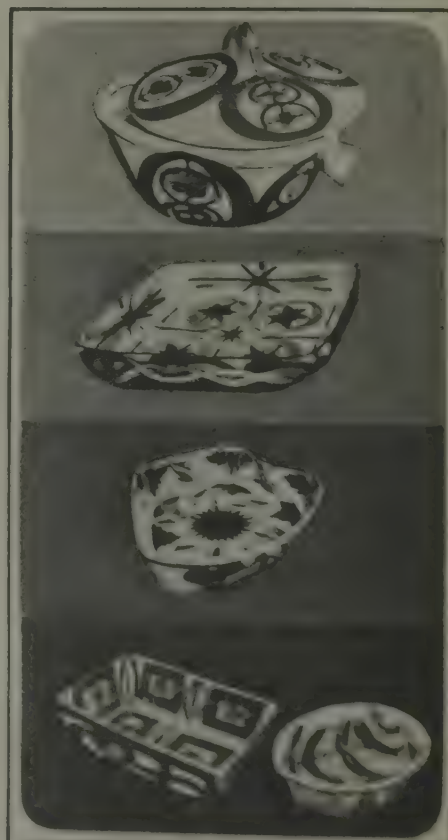
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TRUE CONFESSION

afraid of a rebuff. A letter would be too daring. It might fall into the wrong hands.

Then I thought of Jeet. It was so evident a step that it made me laugh. Jeet could be the messenger. I intercepted him one day when he was running some errand on his cycle. He stopped alighted and stood staring at me.

"Jeet," I said, "why don't Prem and you come here anymore? We used to have such fun going out together."

But Jeet was strangely silent.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously. "What's the matter?"

"Prem is going abroad. All his papers are ready."

"What!" I cried.

"Yes," he said. "His exams are over. As soon as the results are out he will go."

"For how long?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Oh."

"I also know why he is going abroad."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you insulted him."

"I insulted him!" I cried, amazed. "Oh, Jeet, that is not true. I love him. I would give my life for him."

He stared at me.

"Will you tell him that Jeet? Will you?"

"Yes," said Jeet. "I will convey to him what you said."

After he had cycled away, I heaved a sigh of relief and went back to the house. One thing at least was sorted out. With my message everything would be clear.

Days passed, but still there was no move on the part of Prem or his parents. I began to despair. I thought of going over and finding out what was wrong. Then I thought of mother and her insistence on propriety. We had to show some self-respect. I too had pride. If even after my message, he was still unmoved, I would have nothing more to do with him.

They were better off than us financially and maybe his parents had higher hopes for him. My mother declared she would not stoop to ask her brother for any favour. If they desired me as a daughter of the house it was up to them to make the first move. They knew we had been going around together.

I did not tell her I had thrown my shame to the winds and sent a message through Jeet, professing my love for Prem. All I got in return was a short note, just a day before Prem was due to leave for Bombay where he was scheduled to catch the flight to New York.

Dear Mrinal,

This is to wish you goodbye. I am sorry things could not work out between us. I got the message you sent through Jeet. By the time I come back you may be married with

a fat, prosperous husband and ump-teen children. I am going to stay abroad for many years. God bless you and give you a happy life."

Prem.

When I read his letter, I cried unrestrained tears. I tore it up without telling mother anything. There was a reference to a message and she would want to know what it was.

The years passed, but I did not hear from Prem. Occasionally I heard reports about his progress in the professional sphere from Jeet who had now grown into a tall handsome man. He had joined the army and the military training had rounded off the rough edges and given piquancy and dynamism to his personality. Meanwhile I had got through school and college and had bloomed in quite an unexpected way.

I WAS UNWITTINGLY RESPONSIBLE FOR TWO TRAGEDIES, BUT THAT IS A SECRET I WILL HAVE TO KEEP TO MYSELF FOR EVER

When a proposal came from Jeet's parents for my hand in marriage, mother was amazed. She had not imagined they would ever condescend to ask, specially after the fiasco over Prem. She wondered how they were considering marrying off their second son while their first was still a bachelor. The reply was evasive to say the least. It transpired that Prem had written not to worry about his marriage. They were free to fix up Jeet whenever they wished.

A week after our engagement ceremony, we heard of Prem's tragic accident. He had met with a fatal car crash. I felt his death deeply, but did not show it, for fear of wounding Jeet's feelings.

We were married the next year but the event didn't bring me the happiness I had hoped for. In the first few days after our marriage, Jeet neddled me in a hundred ways with passing references to my old passion for his brother. In the beginning I laughed it off with forced good humour hoping it was a passing phase. But it grew more and more entrenched in him with the passage of time — The sullen brooding silences, the bouts of self-persecution.

"You wouldn't have married me if Prem hadn't gone away," he accused me once.

"Please, Jeet," I cried. "Must you bring up old issues now?"

"You loved him, didn't you?"

"Jeet, he is dead now," I said.

"I know you found him terribly attractive. You don't find me as appealing."

I tried to allay his fears by giving him more attention. I praised him and told him how dashing he looked in uniform. He turned on me with a perverted pride and accused. "Meaning I don't look natty in civil clothes?"

There was no end to it. The more I tried, the worse he became. He was punishing me for the old love for his brother.

When I started expecting his child, he said, "You wish it were his child, don't you,

and not mine?"

There was a time when I began to wonder if he was quite normal. There seemed to be some deep-seated mental turmoil which demanded psychiatric attention. But I did not dare suggest it to him for fear of bringing on more self-recrimination.

When war broke out, our baby had just been born. I was still in hospital. He came to see me there, in his full regalia of uniform and ribbons.

"Mrinal," he said with tears in his eyes. "I am going away."

I couldn't speak. Though we had hardly been happy together on account of this trait of his, he was my husband.

I held his hand. "I know you will return Jeet," I whispered. "Don't," he cried, drawing his hand away. "I deserve only death."

He did die. Surprising enough, not by an enemy bullet but by his own. They said he was cleaning his gun and it went off. Among his effects was a letter addressed to me, which they duly mailed. It revealed among other things, why he had been a victim of self-torture. He suffered from guilt feelings of the worst sort. The letter ran thus.

My darling Mrinal,

I loved you with an unbearable intensity. That was my first crime. I never carried your message of love to Prem. I twisted it in the worst way and told him you would have nothing more to do with him. He had given me a message for you, too. I never gave it to you the day you stopped my cycle. He had conveyed his undying love to you.

What business had I to keep two lovers from each other? But I stooped despicably low. When I met you then, he had no intention of going abroad. I perpetrated the lie to give credence to my story of his indifference. Later I suggested it to him myself. I thought it was an effective way of getting rid of him. If he was around, I was afraid you would have meet and learnt the truth about my duplicity.

Even his accidental death, I feel, was suicide. It occurred soon after he heard about my engagement to you. Later, after our marriage, I was hounded by feelings of inferiority because I compared myself to him and by deep-rooted guilt for being responsible for his death.

I am sorry I could not give you any happiness. Like I said when I left you, I deserved only death. Please forgive me for wrecking your life.

Your own,
Jeet

I read and re-read the letter, then destroyed it. I cried for days. Mother consoled me in the best way she could, thinking I was pining for my dead husband. I was moaning for much more. But I did not tell her. There had been two suicides in the family, all on account of me. But no one knew. Neither my mother, nor my in-laws. I thought it was better that way. Why rake up past memories and cause endless torture?

I had my son to live for. I wanted to rear him in a fresh, clean atmosphere, unsullied by shadows of suffering and guilt. That is why I have nursed Jeet's secret in my heart to this day.

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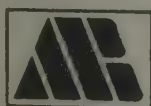
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MIRROR

- A tribute to a dying community. Parsis—their contribution to their adopted land.
- Is Netaji living in the snow-capped wilderness?
- Can Acupuncture cure colitis, migraine, asthma, drug addiction and sciatica?
- What is a Raag? What is a Thata? An exposition of North Indian Classical music.
- Ramalingeshwara temple — the only place in the world where barren women roll for children.
- The colourful Bhangra — Punjab's harvest dance.
- How not to spend sleepless nights.

MIRROR

**The informative,
entertaining, healthy
family magazine.**

When the liberals among our family planners first suggested legalising abortion there was a hue and cry from various quarters. Conservatives feared a breakdown of moral values. Religious heads questioned the taking of a life which they believe begins at the moment of conception. Even the progressives tentatively asked whether abortion, till then associated with quackery and death, could be performed safely, and what were likely to be its repercussions on health. Months of debate and discussion passed before the pragmatists won and the Medical Termination of Pregnancy Act (M.T.P. Act) was passed by Parliament in 1971.

The family planning enthusiasts heralded the Act as a shot in the arm. They felt at last they'd won the right to use one of their most powerful weapons. In order to examine how far legalization had affected the incidence of abortion, Ramesh Kanbargi, a demographer from Karnataka University, conducted a survey in Bangalore and the results of his research have recently been published.

Before 1971, abortion was a criminal offence for which both the woman seeking abortion as well as the person performing the abortion were liable for punishment except in cases where the abortion was induced to save the life of the pregnant woman. Under the provisions of the M.T.P. Act, any registered medical practitioner can perform an abortion in an approved hospital if he finds that continuing the pregnancy will cause injury to the physical or mental health of the pregnant woman, if the pregnancy is caused by rape or incest, or if there is a risk that the unborn child may have serious physical or mental deformities, abnormalities or diseases. Abortion is also available to any couple where the wife gets pregnant as a result of failure of contraceptives.

If the pregnancy is terminated in less than twelve weeks one doctor's presence is required at the time of the abortion and if the pregnancy has progressed to between 12-20 weeks, two doctors are required to be present. Interpretation of the valid grounds on which abortion may be obtained has deliberately been left open to various subjective factors so that in effect any woman who does not wish to carry her pregnancy to the full term can have herself aborted.

Another significant feature of the Act is the blanket legal protection for the medical practitioner. It categorically states that "no

suit or other legal proceedings shall lie against any medical practitioner for any damage caused or likely to be caused by anything which is in good faith done or intended to be done." Thus, freed from the threat of legal prosecution, more and more medical practitioners are questioning long-held moral and ethical values and getting involved in programmes to control the country's growing population.

during the 18 months following legalization is reported to be 41,300 against the estimated figure of four million illegal abortions per year, it is evident that most of the abortions are still being performed illegally. However, in the hospitals under survey, Mr. Kanbargi not surprisingly found that the abortion rate has accelerated from 1.6 abortions per 100 live births in June 1972, to 18.1 abortions per 100

ter abortions were more frequent among unmarried women in the age group of 15-19 years, and among women over 40, perhaps, due to the reluctance in recognising the symptoms of pregnancy. An extreme case was that of an unmarried girl of under 15 having an abortion at 27 weeks.

Only 3.3 per cent of Mr. Kanbargi's sample were unmarried women. Of these 19.0 per cent came to Bangalore from rural areas to have the abortion, and 18.2 per cent refused to disclose their place of residence. The small percentage of unmarried women and their elaborate attempts to maintain their anonymity indicates that legalizing abortion has not been followed by moral permissiveness, and that social taboos work as more effective constraints than legal strictures.

As was to be expected, the incidence of abortion is low in the extreme age-groups of women's reproductive period. Only 4.6 per cent of the women were under 20, and 4 per cent over 40, while 33.5 per cent were in the 25-29 age-group.

34.9 per cent of Mr. Kanbargi's sample were high school graduates, while 7.6 per cent were illiterate, 15.5 per cent had studied till standard seven, 9.1 per cent were graduates and 0.3 per cent were postgraduates.

Another interesting point is that in 104 out of the 996 case studies (20.5 per cent) the women had no sons at the time of the abortion and that 125 of them (24.6 per cent) had no daughters. 42.9 per cent had 2-3 children at the time of the abortion. This appears to indicate the success of the family planning programme. However, only 18.6 per cent of women with five or more children went in for abortion, which Mr. Kanbargi interprets as indicating their resistance to abortion as a means of birth control.

It could also imply that the family planning programme has been late in reaching them. Those who are opposed to abortion on religious or ethical grounds are hardly likely to give up their convictions after five children and the corresponding hardening of attitudes.

53.3 per cent of the abortions were obtained on grounds of failure of contraceptives. 43.5 per cent of the under 20's claimed rape as the cause for their pregnancy although rape is claimed as a ground for abortion in only 3.3 per cent of the total sample. 37.6 per cent had an

ABORTION- has legalization helped?

IT WAS HOPED THAT THE M.T.P. ACT OF 1971
WOULD ENCOURAGE LEGAL
ABORTIONS AND HELP WOMEN AVOID THE
PERILS OF QUACKERY. HOWEVER,
IT SEEMS ILLEGAL ABORTIONS
ARE STILL THE NORM

Meher Pestonji

Mr. Kanbargi reports that in the three years following the passing of the M.T.P. Act, only 24 institutions in the entire state of Karnataka (four of which are in Bangalore) had been authorised to perform abortions. His research centres on 996 case studies of abortion patients at three of the four hospitals at Bangalore. As such it is a limited study and not necessarily typical or representative of the rest of the country.

The first question that rises to mind is why a public hospital should need special authorisation to perform abortions. For scientific abortion is a fairly simple medical procedure, and most public hospitals handle, and are equipped to handle, far more complex operations. Would it not be more practical to simply lift the ban on abortion, than make it necessary for hospitals to seek special permission to be allowed to perform abortions? Moreover, 24 hospitals for a state the size of Karnataka and four for a city the size of Bangalore is grossly inadequate. However, anyone familiar with bureaucratic pen-pushing has to be resigned to not expecting our officials to process papers for more than 24 institutes in three years.

Considering that the official number of abortions in India

live births in April 1974, working out to an average of 5.7 abortions per 100 live births for the period.

Of these 77.2 per cent of the women were Hindus 5.2 per cent were Muslims, 11.2 per cent were Christians and the rest belonged to various minority communities, including Jains, Sikhs, Parsees and others. 83.1 per cent of the women belonged to families with a monthly income between Rs. 100-Rs. 300, 14.4 per cent came from families earning less than Rs. 100 per month and 16.9 per cent had an income over Rs. 300.

However, one point Mr. Kanbargi fails to mention is what the charges for the abortion were, or whether they were performed at the cost of the government. This would be a significant statistic. It is more than likely that women from higher income groups go to private nursing homes rather than public hospitals. Again, if the fees for abortion are high, many women from lower income groups would continue to patronize unauthorized abortionists out of economic necessity.

92.3 per cent of the women had themselves aborted in the first, (the safe) trimester of pregnancy. Second and third trimesters

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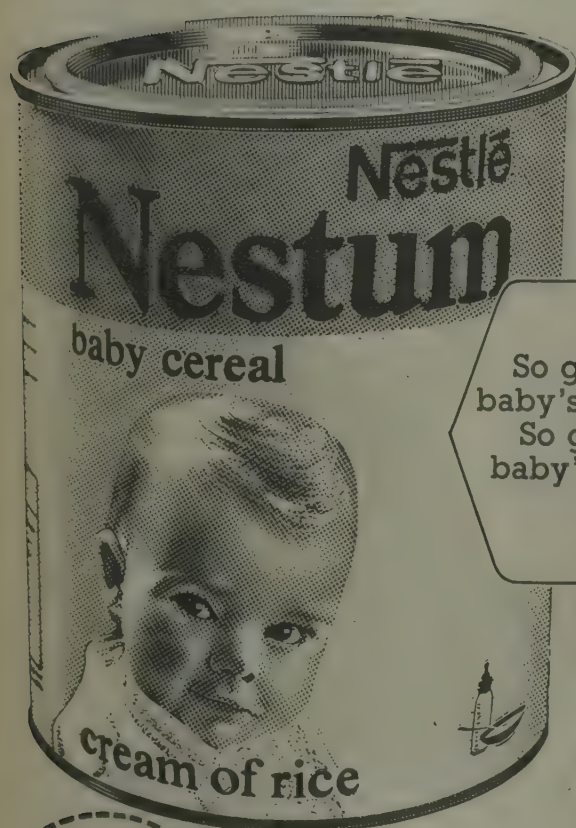
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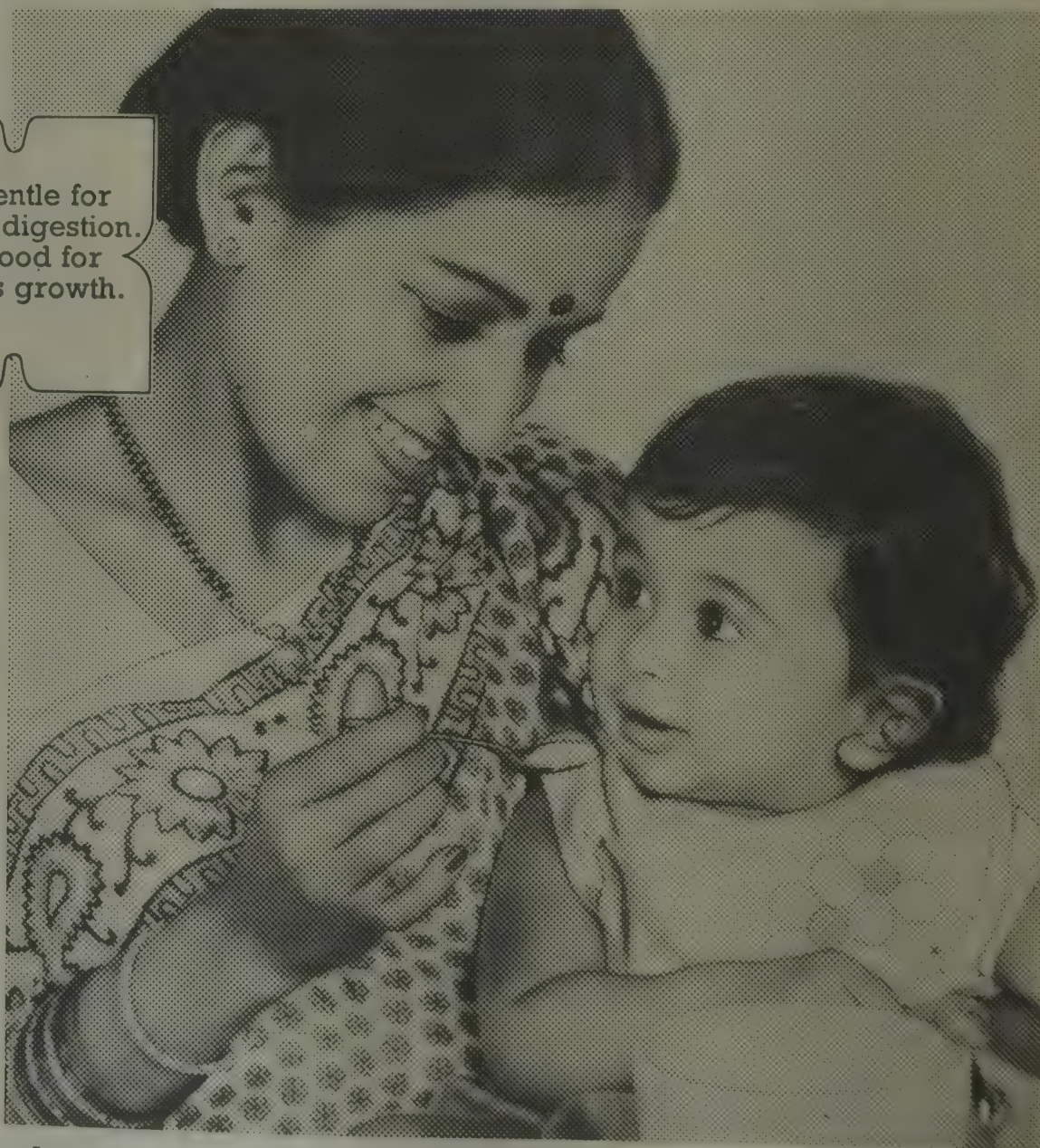
When you start your baby on solids, give him a food that's nutritious, yet gentle on his delicate digestive system. Doctors agree that the easiest-to-digest cereal is rice. That's why we made Nestum Cream of Rice. It has just the right balance of vitamins

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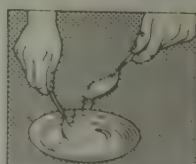


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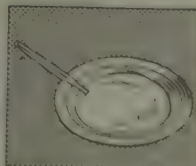
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abortion "due to the risk to the health of the pregnant woman by reason of her actual or reasonably foreseeable environment."

This virtually amounts to being a legal loophole since its interpretation is so wide that it almost boils down to abortion being performed on request. Again any couple can claim to a failure of contraceptives.

Mr. Kanbargi came to the conclusion that abortion is becoming an acceptable way for most couples to limit their families. Since repeated abortions affect a woman's health — physical, emotional and psychological — women coming in for abortion are advised to accept alternative methods of family planning. However, of the 996 case studies only 121 women had accepted other family planning methods and another 41 had been advised without it being known whether or not they had followed the advice.

Among these 121, 96 women had tubectomy performed, 11 had IUD (loops) inserted, 11 husbands had themselves vasectomized and three couples chose conventional rubber contraceptives.

These figures raise interesting questions. Why, despite being aware of the need to limit their families, had only such a small percentage been persuaded to accept other family planning methods? Also out of 121 couples practising birth control why are only 14 men involved in the process of contraception? In other words, since it is the woman and not the man that gets pregnant, is birth control only the woman's responsibility?

Other points Mr. Kanbargi fails to mention are how many of the women were aborted for the first time and how many were coming for repeated abortions; whether any of the attempted abortions were failures or ended up being fatal; whether there are follow-up health checks on the women, and if so, what were the after effects of abortion. This would be useful information for couples as yet undecided on the issue. But Mr. Kanbargi has stated that this is only a preliminary report and a detailed analysis is scheduled to be completed soon. There, perhaps, some of these shortcomings will be overcome.

(Mr. Kanbargi's report is published by Allied Publishers. Price Rs. 15.)

A SON LOST, OR A DAUGHTER GAINED?

Hyma Bal

It has come, the day I had looked forward to with a plethora of emotions in my breast. Half happiness, half regret. Trepidation ...? Fear...? Sadness...? Or, coming down to brass tacks and analysing the emotion deeply, was it mostly the green-eyed monster, jealousy?

For, my son is getting married, and in my mind the refrain sounds, going round and round in my brain in concentric circles. "Your son is your son, till he gets him a wife..." Well, my son is getting himself a wife, and the question hammers in my breast: Is this where I go out?

I look at my son, standing tall and straight, and my heart swells with pride. But the pride is tempered with pain — a pain that tugs at the chords of my breast and brings to my eyes a mist. And even as I look at him standing before those brightly burning oil lamps, with a lop-sided smile that covers his nervousness on this all-important day of his life, I remember...

I remember, and see in his stead a suckling, a toddler, a scamp in shorts. Like a kaleidoscope the pictures change. And suddenly he is no longer a child — half boy ... half man. It was happening all the time — the change, the metamorphosis, but I was being wilfully blind, turning a Nelson eye. I had wanted it both ways — wanted him to grow up, wanted him not to. A case of wanting to have my cake and eat it too. For, once the childhood phase was past, he would, I knew, grow beyond my tether. In the end was it I who cut him from my apron strings, or did he break loose himself?

No longer a child. No longer a boy, who came to me with his boyish pranks, and a hundred questions. No longer a child afraid of the dark, no longer needing my hands to cross a bridge. Now he will cross other bridges in life, and if he needs a hand to hold on to, or a partner beside him, he will turn not to me but to the girl by his side. The thought irks, and I swallow a lump in my throat. Two is company, three is none. And at the count down, I'm the one who will have to bow out.

Will this girl have a greater hold on my son's affections, than I have ever had? The child of my womb, my own flesh and blood

but at a crunch where will his loyalties lie? Supposing in an accident he could save but one, whom would he save? Her, or me? Were I to ask him the question, what would his answer be? Or, is it at all fair to think such thoughts?

Love after all is a many splendoured thing and has varied facets. Will he love me any the less for loving his wife the more? Why should there be any feeling of rivalry at all, for though she be his wife, the love of a son for his mother is a love apart. It is of another dimension. Like a candle that lights another without diminishing, one love need not burn the lower for another.

I look at the girl. I see her smiling at him. They seem to be in a world apart. And Satan whispers in my heart, "Don't let her take him away from you. Keep her in her place. Don't let her oust you." Get thee behind me Satan!

So, they'll paddle their canoe along life's stream. I can but stand on the bank, and wish them well. The picture is so real, I almost lift my hands in adieu, as I wipe the moist from my eyes.

Suddenly, a hand is on my shoulder, and my husband whispers softly with an understanding smile.

"Remember", he says "I was a son, and you were a daughter-in-law, too."

I go back — a long way. See him standing beside me, in another place, at another time. A bride and groom. Maybe my husband's mother stood as I stand now, with the same forebodings, the same nameless fears. The same joy and pain. Suddenly I am glad that I had been a good daughter-in-law always. And I feel that I shall reap as I have sown. That it shall be done unto me as I did to her.

"Perhaps dear," adds my husband reading my thoughts, "you haven't lost a son, but gained a daughter!"

The silver lining. What a good way of looking at it! And suddenly I know that though sometimes I may have to stand on the periphery of their inner circle, I will not really be left out. It is as it should be in the order of things. There will have to be mutual adjustments. Give and take. But all my doubts are laid to rest as I go forward, and pick up the rice grains to bless the couple.



BOMBAY

A half-day workshop on "Pollution in Mahim Creek" was organised jointly by World Wildlife Fund — India and the Indian Merchants' Chamber. Mr. H. Advani, Minister of Urban Development, Maharashtra, inaugurated the workshop.

The workshop aims to bring together senior representatives of government agencies, and organisations concerned with controlling pollution and planning the development of the Mahim Creek area.

The Bombay Youth Centre has organised an inter-collegiate best magazine competition for the "Frank Moraes Memorial Rotating Shield" for the year 1978-79, this being the sixth year of the competition. Within five years the competition has become very popular. There has been tremendous response from the majority of educational institu-

tions who are bringing out college magazines. While participating in the competition, the quality and contents of the magazines have undergone a lot of changes and have become more attractive and readable.

The introduction of this competition has also given encouragement and recognition to a number of talented students who have contributed to these magazines and also all those associated with the editorial work.

The Odissi Dance Centre, in collaboration with the Department of Continuing and Adult Education, S.N.D.T. University is holding a one year course in this ancient dance form at the SNDT University. Renowned gurus from Orissa will impart the teachings.

A music programme was organised by the Bade Gulam Ali Khan Yaadgar Sabha in honour of the late music maestro Bade Gulam Ali Khan. The Sabha aims to promote Indian classical music

and to give medical assistance to needy artistes.

Mrs. Fatima Baldiwala, President of the Inner Wheel Club of Bombay Mid-Town, installed Mrs. Jyoti A. Mehta as the President for the year 1979-80. The Inner Wheel Club is involved in a service project for the villagers of Kirat. During their last camp these ladies arranged for a medical check up of about 1000 villagers and helped most of them with the necessary drugs and medicines. The Club has already spent more than Rs 5000 on the project. This is a continuous project. In the current year Mrs. Mehta wants to lay emphasis on helping children. One such project is to help the children of R. C. Jain High School

by providing uniforms and other help to about 400 children of the school. The Club will also encourage the adoption of these children.

DELHI

Seventeen students, between the ages of 9 and 15, left for New York recently to familiarise themselves with living conditions in USA. This cultural exchange programme is sponsored and promoted by Manav Bharti Heritage and House of Tours, New Delhi.

CALCUTTA

A four-day music festival was held in honour of Ustad Alladiya



1. At a felicitation function held by the Giants Group of Malabar Hill and Bombay for the unit of the film "Mein Tulsi Tere Angan Ki" are seen (from left) Mr. Pravin Merchant, Pres., Giants Group of Malabar Hill, Mr. Raj Khosla, Mr. Homi Umrigar, Pres., Giants Group of Bombay and Mrs. Nutan Bahl.

2. At the installation ceremony of the Inner Wheel District Committee No. 314 in Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. Usha Haribhakti, Past District Chairman and Mrs. Veena Gandhi, Chairman.

3. "Kaveri", Karnataka State Handicrafts Development Corporation's Showroom, Madras, was inaugurated by Mr. S. Ramachandran, Madras, Minister for Electricity, Tamil Nadu (right). At left are Mr. Azeez Sait Minister for Industries and Wakfs, Karnataka and Mrs. Chandrika Guttal, Chairman of the Corporation.

Khan. It was organised by the Calcutta Music Circle and the Amir Khan Kala Kendra. Moghibai, the oldest member of the Alladiya group, now over seventy, also took part in the programme. Other well-known artistes, included Randhir Roy.

The Lions Club of Calcutta presented Dastan-E-Meena Kumari at Kalamandir based on the life of India's tragedy queen. Hit songs from twenty-four films from Baiju Bawra to Pakeezah were presented by Sadhana Khote and her troupe from Bombay.

Padatik presented a play, "Surya ki antim kiran sey surya ki paheli kiran tak" sponsored by Anamika Kala Sangam, at Kalamandir directed by Avijit Dutt. This play highlighted the man-woman relationship. Talented young artistes Chetna Jalan and Renu Roy took part in the play.

Calcutta Group Theatre produced 'Saint Joaner Bichar' directed by Amal Gupta. Saint Joan was very effectively portrayed by Kajal Choudhury while credit goes to the Group for the authentic details of the costumes. The use of a two-tier set could have been crude, but was imaginatively used to form a cohesive unity for the production.

PUNE

The Installation ceremony of the Inner Wheel Club of Pune was held at the Boat Club recently. The outgoing President, Mrs. Charulata Chinchankar installed the new President Mrs. Prema Rathi. Mrs. Sunanda Kaushik was elected Secretary and Mrs. Padma Delvis, Treasurer. The Chief Guest was past District Chairman of Inner Wheel Dist. 314, Mrs. Silla Ardeshir.

MADRAS

Miss Eva Mathew, former principal of the Ethiraj College for Women, addressed the Luncheon Club at the premises of the Guild of Service. Her interesting speech on "Women and the Community" highlighted some of the problems faced by women in their daily lives. She said that educated women could pitch in to control rising prices, create an awareness in housewives about environmental pollution, and the education of the illiterate. Mr. Adam Sait welcomed Miss Mathew and the guests while Dr. Mathangi Ramakrishna proposed a vote of thanks.

SRIRANGAM

Miss V. Kamakshi, Principal of Seethalakshmi Ramaswami College, Tiruchi, was given the 'Best Teacher' award by the Lions

Club of Srirangam. S. R. College, a leading women's college in the State, has more than 3000 students on the rolls.

Miss Kamakshi is actively connected with the examining boards of various universities and has recently been appointed as a member of the first ever Commission of Higher Education for Women by Madras University. Miss Kamakshi is the Charter President of the newly started Lioness Club, Tiruchi and the vice-president of the Tiruchirappalli District Women's Hockey Association.

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

If you know someone who has overcome physical handicaps to live a life of courage and joy, send us the story, written in the third person, about 1200 words long and accompanied as far as possible with a photograph of the person.



4. Miss Kamakshi, Principal, Seethalakshmi Ramaswami College, Tiruchi, receiving the "Best Teacher" award from Mr. K. Venkatesan, Finance Secretary, Tamil Nadu, conferred on her by the Lions Club of Srirangam.

5. Mr. H. S. Bhatia, author of "European Women in India, Their Life and Adventures" presenting a copy of his book to Mrs. Dimi-tru Niculescu, wife of the Rumanian ambassador, at a function in Delhi.



6. At the installation ceremony of the Inner Wheel Club of Pune are seen (from left) Mrs. Aruna Damale, Mrs. Saroj Sarathi, Mrs. Silla Ardeshir, Mrs. Prema Rathi and Mrs. Charulata Chinchankar.



THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK AUG. 5 — 11
John Naylor

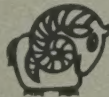
IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

It looks like a crowded year, but a happy one. You will be ending some of your current activities and relationships and planning on new and more expansive lines. If you have an artistic talent, this could prove profitable and you will get much enjoyment from the spiritual side of life. Money trends remain high and influential friends will help business-wise. You will be feeling quite adventurous, don't be foolhardy. Try not to change without adequate reason. You should be able to build well on what you accomplished during the past year. There will be many chances for romance if single and at one point in early 1980 you will find it difficult to choose!

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

Everything is going your way now. Your charm is potent, both in business and personal life, so go after what you want. If ambitious, you can improve your position. A good week to seek interviews and meetings.



TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

Success lies in communication and you will also enjoy the stimulation of new faces and places. You will be able to put your ideas across successfully. Send off letters, applications and inquiries; go for the new.



GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

A restless atmosphere in home life but adjustments will benefit you. A good time to get estimates for domestic improvements and other jobs. If considering change of residence, end-week could bring something to your notice.



CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

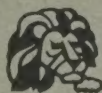
Unexpected cash coming in, and over the next few weeks you could improve your situation if you make extra efforts. Buy those special items you need. News you are awaiting is on the way, some unexpected invitations too.



LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)

Planetary influences are speeding things up for you, and should have a mainly beneficial effect on your affairs. You have luck for the remainder of 1979 at least and ambitions reach fruition. Venus in Leo favours both romance and cash.



VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

A friendship could blossom into a love affair. If not, then someone new will enter your life. Signs for romance whether married or single. You are moving your peak period of 1979. Take full advantage of opportunities which will arise.



LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

An unusual meeting with a person who is lively and charming, well travelled and knowledgeable, could make for an important new link in your life and change your course for the better.



SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Anything new and experimental will tend to be fortunate for you. Forget recent difficulties. The months to come hold chances to advance your interests and provide a sociable and amusing period. Avoid hasty changes on the 8th, however.



SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Lack of co-operation from companions recently will change after the Full Moon. You have had to push hard for gains but these will surely come. Health improves soon and love problems will be resolved one way or the other.



CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

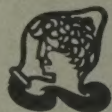
You don't mind life's little struggles and your patience and fortitude enable you to overcome problems that would get others down, but you resent having your time and energy wasted — and this would be the pattern for a few weeks.



AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

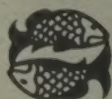
Venus in adverse position to your sign indicates a challenging period. You can expect money to go out faster than it comes in. Aquarians will have found life a minor battle for some time past — but better times are on the way.



PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Use this week to examine your present situation and your ambitions. You are inclined to procrastinate, but try not to over the next month or two. If you slip behind with routine tasks it will be some time before you get straight again.



My husband is going through a "phase" again. He goes through one about every six weeks. Without fail!

The one he's going through now is called the, "ARE YOU KIDDING" phase. This is how it works. I ask him a simple, everyday sort of question. And he'll reply, "Are you kidding!"

If you can cling on to your sanity, as I've clung on to mine, I'll explain further.

Last Saturday morning I said to him, "Darling, how about going to the store and picking up some baking powder? I've run out."

He looked out of the window and said, "Are you kidding?" Now, I admit it was raining rather heavily, but we run a car that looks as if it came out of an antique shop. It coughs along though, so it wasn't as if he'd get too wet. So I had to send my servant out. He came back with wet feet and promptly caught a cold.

FOR LAUGHING OUT LOUD!

Another day I said to him, "I'm visiting Usha and Anil this evening. Like to come along?" See? A simple question!

He sneered at me as if I were a bearded lady and said, "Are you kidding?"

Losing patience, I said, "Would you mind explaining that?"

"Gladly," he said. "You know I think those two are as exciting as a couple of flat tyres. Anil's conversation is tailor-made for six-year-olds and Usha's giggling sets my teeth on edge. Visit them? Me? Are you kidding?"

You can't win. I went alone.

Another time, our eighteen-year-old son, Gordon, said he wanted twenty-five rupees to treat some of his friends to snacks. So I asked the lord-and-master. He reared up in his chair and howled, "Twenty-five smackers! For snacks! Are you kidding?"

"So do I refuse him?"

"No. I'll give him fifteen and you make up the balance somehow from the house money."

Where, oh where, have all the generous husbands gone?

We had occasion to go to a friend's place where another guest entertained us with a song. Feeling charitable I said, "Wasn't she good?"

His eyebrows touched the edge of his scalp and he said, "Are you kidding? She needs a ladder to get to the high notes and her sense of melody is like a jigsaw puzzle."

I let it go at that. When my husband is reasonable, I know he's sick.

Joanie

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This summer they'll be looking at you if you're in Creasocool. It's a new, cool, comfortable, crease-resistant fabric from Jiyajee that's specially made for summer suits, safaris, trousers & shirts. So wear it. It'll bring out the very best in you.



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WILD AND VIBRANT

TIPS AND TOES

Wear some colour.
Wear some excitement.
Choose from an array
of new shades, pastel
and dark, to add to your
kit of Tips and Toes.

A frosty few:

- No. 43 *Pink Scandal*
- No. 45 *Silk 'n' Silver*
- No. 48 *Vanity Glow*
- No. 39 *Tipsy Brown*
- No. 38 *Autumn Song*
- No. 44 *Cool Icicle*

In plain and pearl...
forecasting many sunny
days ahead! So get up
and go to your nearest
neighbourhood store.

Also available: Lanolin
enriched Tips and Toes
Nail Lustre Remover.

TIPS
AND
TOES
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Make-up for nails.



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Special
Shades

Ask your dealer
for FREE BOOK
on Tips from
Tips and Toes
Till stocks last